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A Note to World War I Members of the Legion

As your local Post of the American Legion welcomes returning veterans of World War II, we believe the booklet, "Information for Veterans," will be of value to you in helping them along the road back into civilian life. Write for a free copy today. We'll also be glad to mail a copy to your relative or friend still in the service, if you'll send us his name and address.





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THE AMERICAN

Legion

MARCH, 1946 VOL. 40 • NO. 3

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THE EDITORS' CORNER



THOMAS FLANNERY, our cover artist, served as an armorer in a bomb group for a year and a half and as a staff artist for Yank, The Army Weekly, for more than a year. He says he had to take a bust from corporal to buck private when he switched over to Yank, but he came out of the war a staff sergeant, so he's happy about the whole thing.

A Reasonable Reason

A friend of ours works for an outfit which recently sent out a big batch of postcard questionnaires on the subject of the return of prohibition. Included among the cards which came back was one from a man in Baltimore who said that he drinks beer, wine and hard liquors both at home and in bars, but that nonetheless he favors the return of prohibition. His reason for these seemingly conflicting views was briefly but fully outlined in a notation on the bottom of his card. "P.S.," he wrote. "I used to be a bootlegger."

Knows His Guns

The subject of guns is a natural for E. B. Mann (see Did You Bring Home A Booby Trap? page 19). Until very recently Mr. Mann had served as Managing Editor of The American Rifle Association. That experience, alone, should qualify him as an expert on the subject, but the clincher, as we see it, is the fact that he also is a prolific writer of shoot-'em-up western stories for the so-called pulp magazines. A fellow has to know his guns to get along in that business.

John Kieran

John Kieran (see *UMT-A Must*, page 9) is probably best known for his participation on the Information Please radio program, and for his sports and general interest columns in New York newspapers. Kieran fol-

lowers, of whom there are untold numbers scattered all over the globe, no doubt have wondered how one man managed to assimilate so much knowledge about so many different things. We wondered, too, so when Mr. Kieran came into our office the other day to discuss his story we made a special effort to find out how he got that way. Though we failed to come up with an airtight formula for becoming an Information Please expert, we did manage to get one lead that might have bearing on the subject. Mr. Kieran informed us that he served as a sergeant with the 11th Engineers in France in World War I. Throughout his tour of duty overseas he carried in his pockets several paper-bound, abridged editions of the classics, which he would pull out and read at every opportunity.

Railroading Author

We were more than a little surprised to learn that Arr Carlson (see The Birling Match, page 24) is an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Immediately upon receiving this information we conjured up a picture of Mr. Carlson perched high in the cab of a locomotive, pulling the steam whistle with one hand while pounding away on a portable typewriter with the other. Mr. Carlson has since informed us, however, that he does all of his writing between runs, which knocks our beautiful picture into a cocked hat. He adds that he has been railroading for twenty years, and that he has a son who is a Navy lieutenant (jg) stationed in the Far East; a second son now en route home after spending two-anda-half years in the CBI theater, and a daughter who is a registered nurse. Before letting you turn to page 24 for a look at The Birling Match, we'd like to add a note about Mr. Carlson's given name. Quite frankly, the Arr intrigued us. Always inquisitive, we asked about it and were informed that the Arr is really the letter "R," which is the first letter in Mr. Carlson's given name. He doesn't like the name, seldom uses it, and specifically asked us not to mouth it around. We've long since assured Mr. Carlson that we'll remain mum on the subject. Sorry!



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IDEA FOR LEGION POSTS

Sir: Many returning veterans are confronted with glutted business, professional and labor markets in their particular lines of endeavor. To remedy this situation I would suggest that in each Legion Department district a clearance office be established and that each Legion Post in that district tabulate after careful consideration businesses, professions, skilled and unskilled labor that could fill a needed niche in their own community. This service should be rendered on a volunteer basis through an appointed committee, men and women, with statistic files from any one district being available to a central state office.

Voscoe K. McKinney

Sonoma, California

JUSTICE AT NUREMBURG

Sir: I wish to offer a few comments in answer to Captain F. M. Miley's letter in Sound Off! for November. The Nuremberg trials are significant because they mark the first time that Nazi war criminals have faced an inter-Allied military tribunal. Only a few minor war criminals have been tried and executed thus far. I think it is reasonable to assume that the delay is due largely to the basic principle of Anglo-Saxon law, nulla poena sine lege-no punishment without statute. In other words our prosecutors are seeking a legal precedent on which to convict these Axis criminals. It would be wise if we kept in mind the mistakes made by Allied prosecutors at the Leipzig Trials following World War I. An important question to be resolved is whether "orders from a superior" forms a legitimate excuse for war crimes. Another is the precedent-setting decision as to whether heads of states may be brought to trial. The prosecutor must also take care that punishment metcd out to war criminals will not make them martyrs in the eyes of their fellow countrymen.

CPL. FRANCIS X. DRURY

Guam

It may be remembered that our comment appearing under Capt. Miley's letter indicated our apprehension that action against German war criminals would not be swift enough and, probably, not as drastic as called for by the

circumstances. We still think that the trials should have been speeded up, but it now appears that the whole kit and boodle of the top Nazi lunatic crowd will be shot or hanged, and that should stop a lot of would-be Men on Horseback from trying to make dreams of empire come true.

—Ed.

UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

Sir: Your story, "The Foo Lights Mystery," in the December issue, suggests the idea that there might be a good story on the Jap flares which were seen over Lake Labish, six miles north of here prior to the moving of the Jap colony from there in 1942. So far as I know their mystery was never solved. They resembled sheet lightning and their exact source in the colony was never found. The FBI might throw some light on the matter as I believe they had several men on the job here at that time.

FRED W. LANGE

Salem, Oregon

SEABEES REUNION

Sir: I'd like to call on members of the original Station Forces USN, Gulfport, Mississippi, asking them to remember we had agreed to write to each other overseas and also at the camp. We also agreed to hold a reunion after the war, and I'd suggest that we all meet at the next National Convention of The American Legion in September 1946. Please write to me at 7030 Wakefield Ave. in Jacksonville and let me know what you think of the idea, and let me have the names and addresses of fellows who may not read this, so I can contact them with the story.

EDMUND SIMON

Jacksonville, Florida

ALL FOR AID

Sir: I am observing with real concern the constantly repeated statements in our papers and magazines that legitimate business loans to the fallen financial countries of Europe, Asia and Africa will bankrupt the United States. We may praise God that this grand country of ours is able to come to the help of other countries. I cannot conceive that we are so heartless and so hardened that appeals from the leaders of proud peoples to succor their starving, home-

Iess, bewildered and bedeviled nationals will go unanswered. Let us thank God for the privilege that is ours to aid these countries and their starving millions to helpful, honest rehabilitation of their broken lives and fire-

WALTER SWAIN BLAKE

Baltimore, Maryland

CAN YOU TOP THIS?

Sir: I served in the 2-E.S.B. with a rocket detachment. With all credit to Marine Corps and Army units which distinguished themselves in combat, no unit or brigade has equaled the 2nd Engineer Brigade under the command of Brigadier General W. F. Heavey. The final score for the 2-E.S.B. stands at 87 combat landing assaults, eight Presidential Unit Citations, one Medal of Ilonor won by a private, over 30 Silver Stars and I don't know how many Pnrple Hearts. Also, one of our lieutenants won the Navy Cross. This isn't all, but enough to convince me and a lot of people I know that my brigade was second to none in the whole U. S. Army.

J. S. WISDOM

Dallas, Texas

OPPOSING VIEWS

Sir: Enoch Borczyk in Sound Off! for December accuses H. V. Kaltenborn of a "plain white lie" when the latter stated that Poland dealt unfairly with minorities and oppressed the Jews. Either Mr. Borczyk doesn't know whereof he writes or he is telling a lie that is far from white. My own parents escaped from Polish massacres some sixty-odd years ago. Polish mistreatment and brutality have been more or less continuous since that time. Since Poland has been liberated from the Huns, the few surviving Jews in that country have been most brutally mistreated.

F. I. K.

Seattle, Washington

Sir: In reply to the editor's notation under Enoch Borczyk's letter, I say you are wrong and so is Mr. Kaltenborn. Never have I read or heard about the Jewish people being mistreated in Poland. I know that when the Turks drove the Jewish people out of their homeland and threatened Christianity and all Europe with invasion, it was the Polish nation under General Jan Sobieski that stopped them and gave the Jewish people a home in Poland. That's history and it can't be denied.

VINCENT P. KIELPINSKI

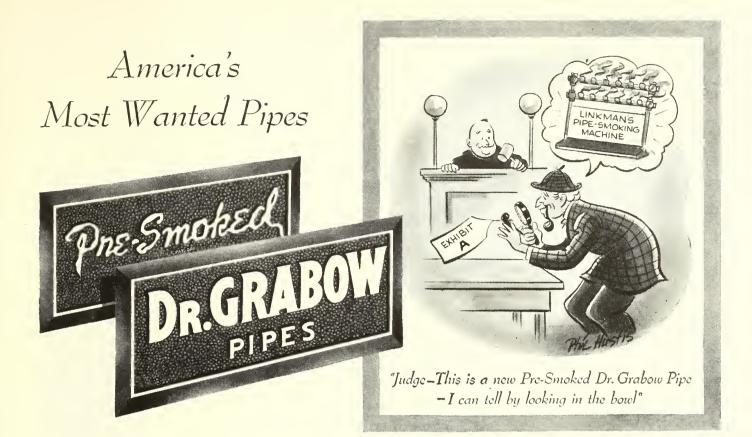
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HOW A P-61 LOOKS

Sir: In the article "That Fantastic Radar" in your December issue, the artist got his sketches of a P-61 mixed up. A P-61 doesn't look like that. The (horizontal) stabilizer doesn't extend past the fin and rudder in P-61. It does in the P-38. The sketch looked more like a P-38 with the stabilizer extended. These planes are easily mistaken.

GEORGE S. MORRISON

Ottumwa, Iowa



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wave . . . cool, shadowless light for operating rooms . .

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Operations by electricity. Surgeons are now overcoming many difficulties in certain types of operations with electrosurgery. Among the advantages of electrosurgery: it shortens operating time, lessens bleeding and shock, lessens the chance of infection, and speeds healing with a

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Helping fight 78. To quote the United States Public Health Service: "Tuberculosis can be eliminated as a public health problem in a measurable time if we use the x-ray to locate every case in the population . . . and if we provide adequate facilities and personnel to isolate and treat infectious cases." The cut-away picture above shows a mobile unit which can bring chest inspection facilities to schools, industrial plants, and outlying districts far from hospitals. For it, General Electric engineers have designed and built compact x-ray equipment so efficient that as many as 60 people per hour can be examined.



Machine-made fever. Fever heat helps nature's defensive organisms fight off some diseases. Under the leadership of Dr. W. R. Whitney in the General Electric Research Laboratory, G. E. developed inductotherm machines for hospitals and doctors to produce artificial fever electronically.

UMTa must

By JOHN

KIERAN

THIS is absolutely unofficial, purely personal and probably deeply prejudiced, or just what you might expect from an ex-sergeant of the Eleventh U. S. Engineers, but I've been wanting to get it off my chest for some time and Ye Editor in a yielding moment granted me permission to fire away. It's about compulsory military training in this country. For 25 years I have been furiously in favor of such a program. I talked

and wrote about it from time to time but for all the progress I made by voice or typewriter I might as well have been yelling up a chimney or throwing my printed articles down a coal hole. Now that The American Legion and Congress and sundry important organizations and persons are working on it, something may come of the plan—I hope!—I hope!

I never gave compulsory military training a thought until I shared that free trip to France long ago with a couple of million other fellows. What I saw, heard and learned over there in 21 months convinced me that compulsory military training would be a good thing in this country and nothing that has happened since has made me weaken on my aged-in-the-Trones-Wood conclusion. On the contrary, World War II and the current condition of foreign affairs has strengthened my belief that we need compulsory military training in this



The famed answer man of "Information Please" gives an emphatic "yes" to the question: "Should we have Universal Military Training?"

country and the sooner we have it, the better for all concerned. There is still a lot of indiscriminate shooting going on in various parts of the world and what's ahead for all of us is a bigger mystery than any that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle ever doped out for Sherlock Holmes to solve.

This country, as we all know, was unprepared for World War I and unprepared for World War II. If it happened a third time, it might give somebody else per-

Booby traps for Mars

manent possession of the fine strip of territory known as the United States of America. A bad start could be fatal in another war. Things can happen in a hurry with jet planes moving at better than 600 miles per hour and atomic bombs bursting all over the place. But no sooner do we talk of preparedness and the wisdom of starting a course of compulsory military training than the pure of heart and strong in theory dust off the stock objections of the ages to anything like compulsory military training and place the objections loudly in evidence.

The first thing they say is that compulsory military training represents a "defeatist attitude" with regard to the goal of civilization, permanent peace. Those good citizens and kindly souls whose ardent aim is to make war impossible are naturally

(Continued on page 62)

WHAT BRITAIN READS ABOUT US

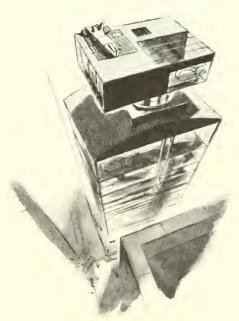
The British still have curious notions about the United States, because of what they read in their papers. Such misunderstandings can become increasingly serious

WHAT is the Englishman hearing these days about his partner west of the Atlantic—about us Americans, that is?

Over his breakfast tea he reads in the London Daily Mail from New York, "20,000 FIGHT TO SEE BOY JOSEPH—Twenty thousand people crowded round an improvised shrine in the Bronx district here last night where a nine-year-old Italian boy claimed to have seen and talked to the Virgin Mary every night for two weeks. Many came from distant points, and in Philadelphia 100 miles away, people clubbed together to charter buses."

The Daily Express headlines: "GENERALS (SECOND CLASS) COMPLAIN." Brasshats are complaining in private and in public that America is a second class military power again. But the public is taking no notice of their protests. 'They don't seem to give a hang,' say the military. P.S.—They don't."

And this one cabled to the *Daily Mail* from Mexico City: "BABIES STOLEN



Broadway will have a building shaped like a perfume bottle

FOR GI WIVES—A wave of child kidnaping, believed to be the work of a well organized gang, is terrorizing Mexico City. All the victims are Mexicans, and police are puzzled by the fact that in no case has there been a demand for ransom.

"One theory is that the gang sell their victims, especially blondes, to wives of service men in the U. S. who wish to surprise their returning husbands with a child."

Or this bit from the *Daily Express*: "The Broadway Association has proposed a building in the form of a perfume bottle with the stopper a liveable penthouse, and a building in the form of a drinking glass filled with orange juice."

He discovers in print, too, that the American perfume industry, gone all tweedy and rugged, is expecting to make \$40,000,000 a year with perfumes for men.

Does the Englishman think from this evidence that Americans have pulled back into their own country after wandering the globe during the war, and reopened the silly season? That we are emotionally unstable, now that the war is over, and uncertain as a world partner? Partially yes, but fortunately not entirely.

War in his own front yard exposed the Englishman to a lot of unpleasant things, but he got used to them. He learned to live under the cellar steps, to eat one egg every six weeks and to like Brussels sprouts. He also found out about the Americans.

More than 1,500,000 American soldiers swarmed around the British Isles and poked their heads into places where Americans had never been seen before. They gave chewing gum to the children, candy bars to the girls and beer money to the pub keepers. The English, slightly aghast at first, discovered that quite a few of their visitors were perfectly normal human beings.

They know that the crazy things they read about the Americans may be true—if they aren't they could be—but for the first time millions of Englishmen realized there is something to the Americans beyond the screwball antics played up in the papers.



Illustration by

JACK RUGE

Someone stole the cops' toy pistols, needed for lost kids

They still have a lot to learn, though.

Before the war many of them, fed on a diet of stories about flagpole sitters and gang murders in the United States, thought too readily of Americans as loud butterand-egg men living in a remote land, gadget-goofy and still wet behind their cultural ears.



Mexican babies are kidnaped to be sold in the United States



These prejudices of ignorance were increased by periodic attacks on the United States in books and magazines, couched often in sneering terms. One of the most violent was a book called *The Babbitt Warren*, by Prof. C. E. M. Joad, published in the United States by Harper and Brothers in 1927.

Professor Joad, who dispenses philosophy in a London Sunday newspaper and talks on the BBC equivalent of "Information Please," had never been to the United States when he wrote *The Babbitt Warren*. But, based on newspaper clippings about American doings, he wrote a stinging condemnation of everything American. He called Americans "hopelessly unaesthetic" and money mad, the American mind "a case of arrested development," American works of scholarship "dull and uninspired" and the nation a "wonderland of fantastic cults and esoteric religions."

Americans, he added, have "a certain crudeness and immaturity of mind" and are preoccupied with cleanliness because they don't have better things to think about. What's more, they don't have afternoon tea.

In their turn, a great many Americans have been equally ignorant of the English. They thought every Englishman wore a

monocle and called everybody "old chap."

The war-time acquaintanceship has helped immeasurably. Friendly Anglo-American relations in Gen. Dwight Eisenhower's supreme invasion headquarters have made attacks like the Joad book look absurd to both sides. It's common knowledge around London now that Illinois is east of the Mississippi River. Lots of Americans, too, have learned that King George VI has so little political power that he doesn't even write "the king's speeches" he delivers in Parliament.

Yet there is still a great hole in English understanding of American life, and it can be filled only by an increased exchange of information.

The average Englishman is rather hazily aware that all isn't beer and skittles in the U.S.A.; that Americans are facing some nasty problems, too. Yet the United States gleams in the distance like the promised land against his life of threadbare clothes, bare store shelves, scanty food, national identity cards and seemingly endless "don'ts."

Aesthetic thinkers may still consider Americans gum-chewing bores. Converting them, if they can be converted, is less important than making the run-of-the-mill

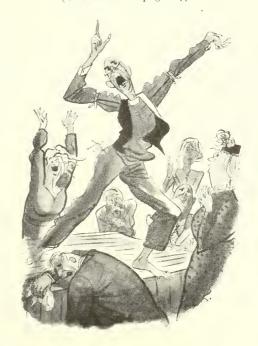
By PHIL AULT

Englishman realize what America is really like, convincing him that this country is equal to its role as a great world leader.

There are three main ways for Englishmen to keep posted on American life—movies, radio and newspapers. Hollywood entertains; it doesn't try very hard to educate. The result may be fun, but it doesn't seem much like real American life. That is especially true when you sit in a foreign country and look from the outside at the films' dramatic exaggerations.

British radio listeners get a good occasional dose of the United States. BBC, the national radio monopoly, presents a periodic American commentary after its o P. M. news broadcast, when the radio audience is greatest. Commentators speaking from New York tell in -5-minute broadcasts about the trend of American thinking on current problems, and they do it better than the mass-circulation newspapers do. Raymond Swing has done a number of these commentaries.

The chief source of information, as always, is the mass-circulation newspapers. The American scene (Continued on page 64)



America, a wonderland of fantastic cults and religions



MARCH, 1946

He and the girl were getting along fine until her folks came in from the farm—

then things started happening ...

THE girl was mine for the taking. It was just as simple as that. Don't ask me how I knew; I just did. That comes from getting around like I have all my life.

Maybe it was on account I was so much older and sure of myself. Maybe she liked my striped silk shirts and loud ties. Or maybe it was just because I didn't yell at her like I did the other babes in the floor show. You can't always figure what makes a girl tumble like she did for me. Anyhow it's like I say; all I had to do was shake the tree and she'd fall right in my lap.

Now I'm not what a Sunday School teacher might call a right guy. Not any part of it. There isn't any halo, like a spare tire, floating over my head. I've been dollar-hungry, along with just plain hungry, ever since I was a kid on the Lower East Side. So I've been in and out of a lot of deals that sometimes didn't shine so pretty in daylight. But I figure exactly like a lot of other people in this world: it's full of suckers just begging to be relieved of their financial burdens. So I give 'em what they ask for and get paid for services rendered.

Right now I'm running a little night club... The White Tie, I call it, probably because that's just what it isn't. It's one of those gyp joints uptown off Lexington Avenue where you walk in heeled and come out peeled. It's down a few steps from the street, like in the good old Speak days when a man could make an honest living.

We got a little dance band; some brokendown has-beens who play good and loud. ... well, loud. And then what we jokingly call the floor show; mostly corny gags by L. STANLEY MARSHALL

a cheap M. C. along with song and dance routines by six shapes with tinsel and shrill voices. A banner outside says currently we're featuring a couple of kids named Eric and Audrey, Interpreters of Classical Ballroom Dancing. Which reminds me, I better take it down. They aren't on tonight. . . . or ever again at The White Tie.

One afternoon about three months ago, Nate the Writer brings them into my little office. We call Nate *The Writer* on account he's done a stretch up the river for writing phony checks and other such commercial literature. I don't mind him hanging around the joint because, in my business, you never know how the cards will fall.

"Couple of artists say they want to see you," he says out of the side of his face, something he learned in The Big House. Then he fades and leaves me with the baggage.

I do a quick once-over the girl. She's streamlined in the right places only she don't look like a regular B'way babe. There's something clean about her face; makes me think of fresh milk right out of the spigot. Then I survey the tall young fellow alongside and note a gold discharge button in his lapel.

"Have a seat," I say, shoving cigarettes at them. "What can I do for you?"

They glance at one another, sort of shy, and both start to answer at once. Then they stammer and laugh and the guy flounders on. "You see," he says, "we're a dance team."

"Classical ballroom dancers," the girl puts in.

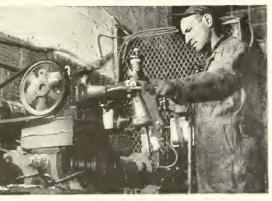
"Umm," I mutter, not too enthused. Anything classic leaves me cold.

The girl hurries on. "We're just getting started.... I mean..." Her eyes are wide and she turns out a blush like Tokyo on fire. "Oh dear, I guess I shouldn't have said that."

I grin because suddenly I like the kid. I can smell clover and hear cow bells in the evening, both of which I know all about from the movies.

Her partner pats her arm gently and smiles at her. "That's all right, Audrey. He may as well know the truth." You could tell he's nuts about her, the way his voice got all syrupy. He turns to me and adds, "It's like this, sir (which makes me realize I'm old enough to have been his commanding officer, if I hadn't had flat feet. . . . or maybe flat brains). You see, Audrey here was playing the USO circuit in Italy and I caught her act. Something inside me clicked and I had to talk

(Continued on page 57)



Thomas F. Sheridan works to keep someone from walking. A former infantryman, he likes the idea



The new boss of this Detroit gas station is Robert Cook, at right. At left is Hank Richter, old owner



The service station operator has to be more than a mechanic. He must also be a good salesman



THERE will be no job shortage for the returning World War II veteran in the field of automotive mechanics. There is a crying need for skilled workers in all the varied spheres of automobile manufacture and maintenance.

Some idea of the magnitude of this need is indicated by the result of a survey conducted late in 1942, disclosing that nearly one-half the employes of automobile dealer service shops (not including independent repair shops, service stations and other maintenance establishments) were lost to the industry by way of the armed forces or sundry war urgencies.

One answer to the problem of how to fill these jobs is an organized apprenticeship program which permits the ex-GI who wants to work around automobiles to earn as he learns. Some 2,500 establishments already have under way approved apprenticeship programs of this sort. Throughout the course—which may last from a few months to four years—the veteran will receive apprenticeship wages as well as the regular job benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

William J. Moore, Assistant Director of the Department of Labor, and Training Consultant of the Automotive Industry, recently said: "In 1940, a normal pre-war year, there were more than 5,000,000 skilled workers in the United States. To maintain this number, 395,222 apprentices must be 'on the books' at all times, 222,200 must be hired each year, and 104,000 must be graduated each year."

Director Moore pointed out, however, that there had never been a sufficient num-



To Keep 'Em Rolling-

ber of trained mechanics available, particularly in the automobile industry. Due to curtailment of apprentice training during the war, the shortage is particularly acute at this time. Millions of new cars will be added to civilian and commercial traffic. Service trades throughout the automotive industry will absorb many more craftsmen. Thousands must be recruited from the ranks of veterans.

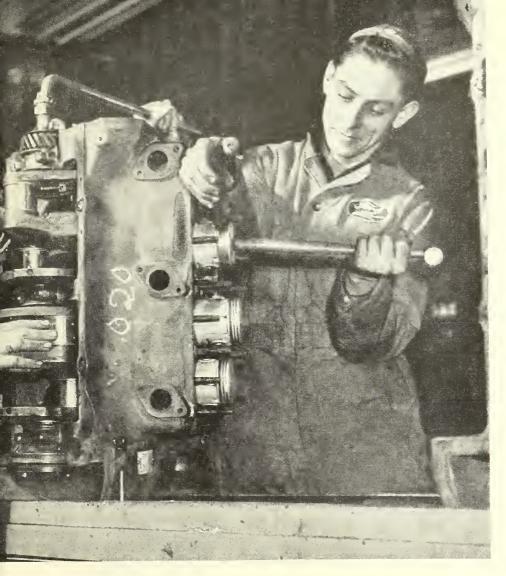
"Management and labor recognize that only through apprenticeship can an all-round skilled worker be trained," he added. "The garage 'handy man' may pick up knowledge and skill to fit him as a body or motor mechanic's helper, but without systematic and comprehensive training as made available through apprenticeship, he cannot become a real craftsman who is a

James P. Koehler, at left, used to be on the USS Apollo. Now he is working for J. J. Hart in Brooklyn master of the varied skills of his trade."

It is thus readily evident that contrary to many other lines of prospective employ-



Not long ago Paul Marini worked on Army tanks. The change back to auto repair work was easy



The skilled mechanic won't have trouble getting a job servicing automobiles, and there are plenty of opportunities for unskilled workers

By ALVIN H. GOLDSTEIN



You don't have to be a skilled mechanic for work such as this but mechanical aptitude is needed



Leon Elliott is another veteran now servicing automobiles. He was with the Engineers in Europe

Arthur Colon, at left, used to be in the infantry. The Navy is represented by Gordon Claxton, right

ment, the major problem in the automotive field is not to supply jobs to qualified applicants, but to create an adequately trained labor supply to meet the now abnormal appetite of industry. The welcome sign is on the doormat for the ex-service-man who fills the requirements of skilled mechanic or master craftsman in the world of automobiles. Lacking this prerequisite, there is plenty of room under present conditions for the apt and ambitious veteran to start at the bottom.

Wages for apprentices usually are increased at six-month intervals until he is eligible for a journeyman's wage. He continues to receive the training or subsistence allowance prescribed by the GI Bill until his total income is equal to that of the journeyman. At that point a corresponding deduction is made in the allowance so that the learner's pay never exceeds that of the skilled worker.

To qualify for apprenticeship, applicants are expected to have displayed an aptitude for the selected trade. Usually, age limits are set at from 18 to 24, but former service men will be admitted under the general rule that their age is fixed as of the day they entered the armed forces. As to aptitudes, almost any man with a hankering to handle tools with some show of successful performance will qualify. Sure bets include those who worked around gasoline motors, in transportation, in ordnance sections and many with secondary duties in aircraft engine maintenance.

As a matter of fact, there is hardly a single section of the Army, Navy or Marine Corps in which gasoline power was not utilized to a degree. Any of these men are good timber for the Apprenticeship Service program. Facility in knocking down and

(Continued on page 34)



William H. Waldheim used to be a Thunderbolt pilot. With his father he now owns a gas station

Hundreds of swindles, old and new, are being rigged by racketeers for World War II vets. Experts say the take will exceed two billion dollars a year. Here's how NOT to contribute

BY HARRY LEVER

WELCOME home. Joe! Nice to be out of the mud and back on Main Street, isn't it? Back where everybody's your pal and you don't have to worry about a thing! Not with the start you'll get from mustering-out pay, get-home money, pension and disability allowances, GI loans and benefits, war bonds and savings!

That's what you think

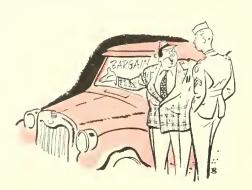
You won't like it, but your own little postwar fight is just beginning. The other guy won't be draped in swastikas and won't be yelling *Banzai!* at you, but he's out for your hide, nevertheless. He'll be camped on your doorstep, instead of on Hill 572, or he'll be squatting behind an imitation mahogany desk, instead of behind a hedgerow, but that eight-ball he's fondling is intended for you.

He's the crook, the phony, the smoothtalking con-man, the chiseler, the cheat and the racketeer. He's got his eye on your cash, and the chances are good that he'll get a good part of it before he's through.

If you think that's being unduly pessimistic about the future of your nest-egg, just ask Dad—he knows. Between 1918 and 1921, crooks separated World War I veterans from their money at the rate of more than \$40,000,000 a year. It's still too early to compute the take from veterans of World War II, but the experts think that two billion dollars a year would be a fairly conservative estimate.

Almost 800 tried and tested frauds, swindles and rackets have come to the attention of the authorities, and every home-coming

They'll sell you anything





They're out to get you

serviceman is the potential victim of every one of them. The National Association of Better Business Bureaus now handles well over a million complaints of fraud a year, and one out of every five of these complaints is being filed by a veteran or his family. The number of unreported frauds is anybody's guess, but it is safe to assume it equals or exceeds the known number.

Government, business, industry and labor have taken up arms against the racketeer. The Veterans Administration and other agencies have organized special committees to aid and safeguard veterans in business ventures, and are conducting vigorous press and radio campaigns to warn them against

(Continued on page 70)

The con man is after you



They are fakes—beware



You'll go far on a little_

New standards in style and economy are set by the 1946 Ford. Among its many new developments is an improved overall economy—and remarkable savings on gasoline and oil...

You'll find new stepped-up power, too! ... The new 100 h.p. V-8 engine gives Ford the smoothest, most powerful engine in the lowest-price field... the only 8-cylinder V-type engine in its price class!

Everywhere you look there are advances. Bright new beauty in the massive grille and broader hood! Smart newness in the roomy interiors—with rich plastics and fabries in colorful two-tone combinations... A ride made smooth and always gentle by new multi-leaf springing!

And for quick and quiet stops: new, extra-large hydraulic brakes—big enough to stop a car of *twice* the weight! . . . Sure, there's a Ford in your future! See your dealer now.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



There's a Honed in your future!



TUNE IN ... The FORD-Bob Crosby Show-CBS, Tuesdays, 10-10.30 P. M., E. S. T. ... The FORD Sunday Evening Haur-ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P. M., E. S. T.



MARCH, 1946



FEW weeks ago, a man in Connecticut was demonstrating the action of a Walther P-38, the 9 mm. German service pistol. He mserted a loaded magazine, let the slide snap forward—and the pistol fired. Only the fact that long habit had trained this man to handle guns safely prevented a serious accident.

The Walther P-38 is an autoloading pistol of excellent design, with excellently contrived automatic safety devices to prevent just such an accident. Ordinarily, it couldn't have happened. But war places unusual stresses on machines, just as it does on people. Machines are less carefully made and more roughly used in war than in peace, with the result that many of the thousands of enemy weapons being shipped

and carried into this country by returning GI's are not to be trusted.

Some of them carry, deliberately contrived and hidden, cunningly devised "booby traps" designed to make the weapon burst on firing,

to kill or injure the new owner. Others, far more numerous, are dangerous merely because they lack the quality of material or workmanship to justify the trust American owners, used to American products, will place in them.

This is no old-maidish diatribe against

The Schmeisser 9
mm. machine pistol,
with folding stock,
another German favorite. Below, Italian weapons were generally inferior to those of other
nations. Here's their Beretta
machine gun

guns, nor even against guns of foreign manufacture. As a hunter, a competitive shooter, recently a member of the staff of the National Rifle Association, I'm for guns, not against them. I believe most sincerely that an armed citizenry is a strong protection against the sort of political tyranny that thrived against the disarmed citizens of Europe; and the twisted thinking of the

reformers who "view with alarm" the influx of souvenir weapons merely because they

are firearms strikes me as being childish, at best. (Any knife, club, or stone will do as (Continued on Page 66)

Who Says Vandeville's Dead?

By LOU BERG

TWO items involving vaudeville and the returning veteran prompt the writing of this piece:

Item one: Vaudeville folks are good folks—the best in the show business. They put on no airs although they, more than the mimics of stage and screen, are the real artists. It is a pleasure to report that they are doing well.

The second item, too, points to vaudeville's revivification. It concerns USO-Camp Shows, the biggest bookers of vaudeville in the history of show business. They are not through now that the war is over. Far from it. Occupation is worse for the morale than war, and the men overseas need American entertainment more than ever. General MacArthur has ordered 92 units, which means 800 performers, for the Pacific area, The ETO circuit wants 100 additional units, 1200 performers, mostly variety artists.

It is not going to be easy for USO-Camp Shows to supply this unexpected demand. The work with the armed forces is not as glamorous as it was in wartime; it offers less percentage in glory and publicity. Variety artists would be hardly human if they didn't want to reconvert to peacetime the same as other citizens. There are plenty of jobs for them at home. All the more honor, therefore, to the many who are

Eva Tanguay, the "I don't care" girl going over now. But there are gaps in the ranks.

To fill these gaps, USO-Camp Shows is recruiting discharged soldiers and sailors who have had some show experience, either pre-war or since entering the Army and Navy.

The entertainment branch of Army's Special Services is dissolving, leaving the field entirely to USO-Camp Shows. But before it dissolved, it had done a good job uncovering talent among the GI's themselves. Many returned soldiers say that some of the foxhole talent was more to their taste than the article imported from the States. Maybe enthusiasm covered a lot of faults. On the other hand, it would be strange indeed if some bona fide talent didn't emerge from the thousands of shows, semi-pro or amateur, put on by the soldiers themselves for the mud and mosquito circuits of the Pacific Islands and the ETO.

USO-Camp Shows is recruiting among



Weber and Fields,



How Judge Braude, of Chicago's Boys' Court, deals with law-breaking veterans who seek leniency

"VES sir, your honor, here's my discharge paper," the boy said nervously. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. He handed a square of white paper, his honorable discharge from the Navy, to the judge. His lawyer leaned forward toward the high bench. "This boy served under fire in the South Pacific for 26 months, your honor," the attorney said. "Now we all realize he did wrong, but under the circumstances, a plea for mitigation . . ."

The scene was Chicago's Boys' Court.

The defendant was a 19-year-old veteran who had committed two robberies after two months of civilian life. The judge was Jacob M. Braude, who has long held nationwide attention for his work with delinquent

youth.

During the months of April, May, June and July of 1945, 143 out of 1,000 cases brought to Boys' Court were war veterans under 21. April, May and June were relatively normal months, but the beginning of July saw a sharp increase in the number of vets who appeared. One hot morning, July 5th, almost half of the new cases were veterans. The trend has been continuing ever since.

As more and more young veterans of the World War II are brought to his crowded courtroom on South State Street, Judge Braude has sought to formulate an honest answer to this question: Should we show leniency to the war veteran who breaks the law? Or should we treat him like any other criminal who jeopardizes the lives and property of his fellow citizens? Unless the veteran is a neuro-psychiatric war casualty,



"I'm a Veteran, Judge"

By ROBERTA ROSE

His mustering-out pay bought George a jalopy and trouble



A chance to "pull an easy job"

youth of 17 to 21, too old for the juvenile courts, too young to be matched with the older offender in the criminal courts, yet young enough to be salvaged for good citizenship. Because of his age and sex, every defendant brought before Judge Braude is awaiting induction into the armed forces, rejected by the armed forces, or a veteran. While 17- and 18-year-olds who have not yet served make up the preponderance of all cases in Boys' Court, veterans soon will share the limelight there. And the judge feels there is distinct danger in show-



ing leniency to these vets, just because they are vets. Basing his prediction upon his experience of the past II years, he joins many authorities in expecting a crime wave as more boys whom the army labelled as "men" return to civilian life.

The energetic judge of Boys' Court points out the fallacy in assuming great numbers of war vets turn criminal. Such scare theories, advanced in a sensational manner to force the attention of the public, are not his province. But the fact remains that

Joe held up the two women and

took their purses and watches

a minority of our servicemen who never were in trouble before in their lives are returning and falling into the ways of crime. Even more important is the nature of their crimes. Five years ago, or before the war, the judge says, the average charge placed against a defendant in Boys' Court was a petty misdemeanor—a broken window, a BB-gun fight, sneaking into a movie theatre, a disturbance on the beach, or painting names on public property. Today

the charge is likely to be a felony—robbery, burglary, rape.

Veterans who land in court at this time are sounding an alarm which will ring more clamorously when the millions of our fighting men are finally demobilized. Judge Braude believes that before the rate of delinquency among ex-servicemen crescendos, there still is time to study the problem, and to formulate a policy against the day, when, unfortunately, judges and juries through-

out the country will be faced with the problem of the veteran who commits a crime. Who are these young war vets who are so assiduously ignoring the Ten Commandments, and why have they chosen their course?

Records kept in Boys' Court from April through July 1945 show that 104 of the 143 veterans who appeared had honorable discharges from the service. Coincidentally, about 104 had good records before they went into the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marines. Twelve had dishonorable, bad conduct, or undesirable discharges from the service. Approximately 38 had bad records before they donned a uniform (One boy had a doubtful previous record, and one was arrested once before while serving in the Navy.) Twenty-one boys, psychoneurotic cases, were discharged because of mental or emotional disabilities. Six of the 143 offenders still were in uniform.

Obviously, boys who never were in trouble before, and who had honorable discharges, make up the largest group among these vets. Did something happen to them while they were in service that accounts, at least partially, for their present behavior? What were the events which led up to their arrests?

Jim Brown, which is not his real name, is a typical case. Jim, 20 years old, was wounded in Germany, sent back to the United States, hospitalized, and eventually discharged from Fort Sheridan. His home is in a small town in Southern Illinois. Jim started for home, but he stopped off in Chicago first. The lights seemed bright to him, and the Loop was filled with taverns,



Most of Jim's hundred dollars was spent on taverns and girls

movies, and girls. He had been subject to discipline so long that he ached to let off steam. He spent his mustering-out pay, \$100 (he was due to receive \$200 more in two months), in less than a week, leaving himself without even enough for train or bus fare home. Worse yet, he had started to drink. Jim got a job as a dishwasher, but he spent his money as fast as he earned it—mostly on liquor. And incidentally, selling liquor to Jim was against the law, since he is under 21. Soon he met two west side boys who were going to "pull an easy job." Did he want to go along? Later he was caught burglarizing a tavern on the west

(Continued on page 42)



MORNINGSTAR found the old mill town full of good nature. In fact, there was more good nature than town. The boardwalk and the sawdust street were filled to overflowing with people, the solid citizenry in its Sunday best wandering joyously around, greeting old friends, or makagenew ones. However, the bulk of them were woodsmen, both old and young, men of other generations all come back for the greatest celebration of all, home-coming after twenty years.

Chair tilted by the open window, Morningstar sat and watched the milling crowd. Plaid-shirted men wearing caulked boots, and with the smell of the woods and new-cut lumber clinging to their clothes, mingled freely with the more conventionally dressed.

It was in this gathering that he had singled out the Chipmunk. He had even rubbed shoulders with him in the Boston House bar, but the Chipmunk had made no sign of recognition, All well and good. The incident had occurred twenty years before, but for one moment he lived that episode over again. "A rat at twenty," he muttered vehemently. "If it hadn't been for his youth, I would have torn him apart." But the mood passed abruptly. By nature, Morningstar was not a vindictive man. It was now water over the dam. This was no time to prod old sores. This was merry-making time.

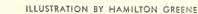
As the huge crowd milled before him, he couldn't help thinking of time, and of how important it was. Twenty years ago he was in his prime, now he was an old man. Twenty years ago the Chipmunk was a youth just out of adolescence, but now he had reached his fullness.

How much better it was, he thought, to be mellowed with age; to have left behind the hectic days of his youth; the barroom The Chipmunk cut loose and the log went spinning

brawls; the awful meetings when the big drives converged, and the rack and ruin of an old-time lumber town after a night's fiesta. And as his eyes wandered over the youth all about him, straight and tall as the timber they were cutting, he wondered what this night would have in store for him.

Morningstar's mind was still wrapped in thought when a head popped into the lobby







and a happy-go-lucky voice said, "Come on, pap, pry yourself loose from that chair. There's a birling match up at the head

Quickly Morningstar got up and let himself be sucked into the crowd which had slowly begun to disentangle and was now headed in one direction. He wormed his way across the street and took a shorter route, for he knew the way well.

As his eyes travelled over the distant hills, woodsman instinct took in the magnificence of the second growth. Seeding covered hundreds of acres of cut-over land. A narrow-gauge railroad melted into the distance. Far away he heard the chug-chug of a shag-geared locomotive, bringing in logs to be floated down river to the ever-hungry mill. But thoughts of time came to him again. How long would it be before the shrill cry of "Timber" would cease in this vicinity, too? When the crunch of calked boots would be no more. When the sawdust streets would disappear and nothing but a few gaunt buildings and a few lonely citizens would be left alone with their mem-

The bulk of the population had already made itself conspicuous when he arrived. Like crows, and more noisy, they roosted on timber piles and endless sticks of new-cut lumber overlooking the water near the filled booms. Men with peavies kept snaking away more logs to enlarge the opening, riding them with ease as they maneuvered into the open. As a last token they sorted out a superb timber, a white pine log, perhaps two feet through the center, which they shot into the clear water where it lay rocking and turning near the booms.

He found himself a seat on a pine stump near the water's edge, a kind of reserved seat so to speak, where he could take in everything at close range. Suddenly, and without call, the Chipmunk appeared. Taking the length of the boom in a few strides, he hopped into the air and landed on one end of the floating log with the ease and grace of the animal whose name he bore. That end vanished in a slush of foam, the other rising and the log shooting forward by the sudden impact, swirling foam trailing in its wake. (Continued on page 50)



PIPE DREAMS WITH A FUTURE

"AS LONG as a veteran has one eye and a good left arm I can use him," said

We were standing in the workroom of his Washington pipe factory, watching LeRoy Clem put the finishing touches on a strategrain Bertram pipe. Clem's wooden leg was propped up against the bench in front of him, and the 22-year-old veteran of Anzio seemed completely oblivious to our stares. It was apparent that he was intensely interested in what he was doing.

Like the 11 other disabled veterans now serving a two-year period of apprenticeship in Bertram's factory, Clem is setting himself up in a lifetime business. And if Sid Bertram has his way, an additional 30 or 40 disabled vets soon will become apprentices in his factory.

Bertram is the latest in a long line of famous pipe-makers. He learned the business from his father, who in turn had learned it from Grandfather Bertram, a



native of Germany, who came to this country 70 years ago.

"Prior to the last war pipemaking was virtually a closed craft." Bertram said. "Secrets of curing and turning the pipes were passed down through the generations, and in most cases the secret processes never left the family."

By DAVID STICK

Bertram, however, has decided to release those secrets—to a group of carefully selected disabled World War II vets who will be able to set up their own shops in cities throughout the country.

Bertram, single and now 40 years old, enlisted in the Marine Corps in February, 1942, and received a disability discharge 13 months later.

"This plan first occurred to me when I was in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, New Hampshire," he said. "There were a lot of men there-armless, legless and eyeless-who were worried about the future. They were afraid they wouldn't be able to find interesting and profitable work they could handle despite their disabilities. I realized then that every man in my ward was physically capable of learning the pipemaking craft.'

The plan Bertram worked out was detailed and sound. He would bring the men

(Continued on page 38)



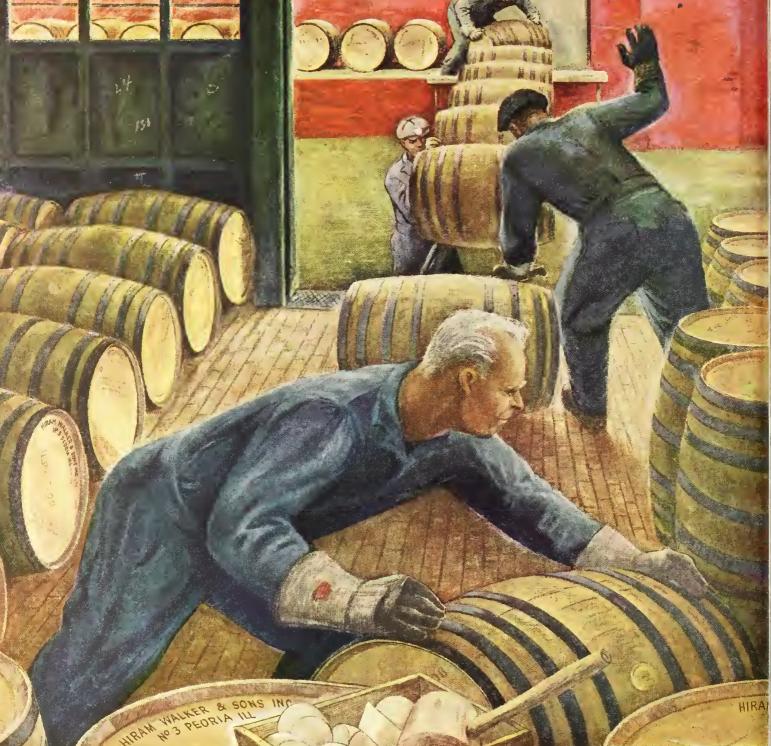
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"Whiskey on Its Way to Age"-painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Franklin Boggs

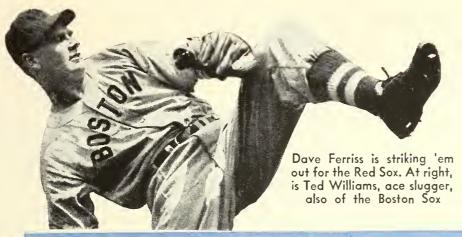
88 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good

IMPERIAL

Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey



86 proof. The stroight whiskies in this product ore 4 years or more old. 30% stroight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Wolker & Sons Inc., Peorio, Ill. MARCII, 1946





By James A. Burchard

A FIGHT ON THEIR HANDS



cases the squads were split up between neighboring towns. By the time this article appears many of the squads will have been cut by at least 10 percent, but every big league team will start its season with a heftier roster of players than ever. Probably one-third of those on the payroll at the opening of the season will be war veterans. Every one of them will have a fight on his hands from the kids who have been developing in the past four seasons through Legion Junior Baseball and in other sand-lot leagues.

Even super-stars, such as Hank Greenberg, are finding the comeback trail studded he returned to the Tigers last July 4th. He smashed out a home run the very first day. In the World Series, against the Chicago Cubs, he proved a veritable gargantua with the willow. He tied the score in the sixth game with one of his four-bag wallops, and he belted another in the seventh. Applauding spectators acclaimed him the standout of the October classic.

But there was slightly more to the expert eye than Greenberg's potency with the club.

When he resumed his old stance in Briggs Stadium, Hank's fielding was sadly out of gear. His knees looked as though they had suddenly become injected with cement. When he ran, he lacked spring and appeared to be galloping through deep sand. Hank showed some improvement in the field during the series, but it was obvious his days

(Continued on page 67)

Baseball will be better than ever this year, and the older players will have to step fast to stave off the upcoming youngsters

JOHNNY has come marching home again, and all over the country baseball managers are trying to determine whether a few years of war have enhanced or detracted from Johnny's value at bat and in the field.

Fresh out of foxholes, ships and airplanes, back from faraway lands where he may have played baseball when his regular GI duties permitted, Johnny is discovering that there is more to it than just walking out on the field, picking up the old glove and fitting back into the big-league picture. He is quickly realizing that military regimentation does queer things to baseball legs, and even queerer things to baseball timing. This is particularly applicable if Johnny is pushing the 30-year mark or better.

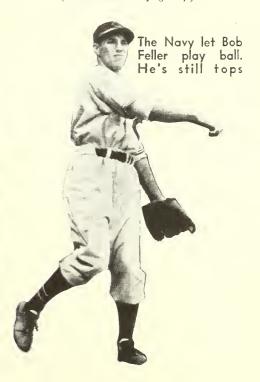
The quality of baseball is of course coming back with a bang. Probably it will be better than it has ever been. Baseball squads of 60 to 75 men a team started practice in the South in the late winter, and most of the teams had to work in shifts, because it isn't safe to have more than 35 players on a field at one time. In some

with a few unexpected hurdles after years in the armed forces.

The great Detroit fielder joined up in May, 1941. As Capt. Greenberg, he toured the world. But he played no baseball until



During the war Hank Greenberg got around, but not around the bases





YOU could see a long, white, foaming ribbon being unrolled across the sunburnished blue of the lake's surface from what looked for all the world like a huge, swiftly-moving mahogany bobbin. Then the shrill whine of a high-revving motor split the still, Indian-summer air like a bandsaw tearing through a light pine plank.

The bobbing bobbin disappeared behind a wooded island, the ribbon widened slowly, fading as it spread, and peace settled once more over the idyllic setting of Lake George in October.

You turned to your host, standing beside you on the boathouse float of his lakeside home, and gasped: "What in Heaven's name was that?"

He grinned as he replied: "Oh. that? Just George Reis giving the old *El Lagarto* an airing. Speedboat nut. you know."

You knew, certainly you knew. It all came back in a hurry: George Reis, the motor-boating mayor of Bolton Landing. N. Y.,

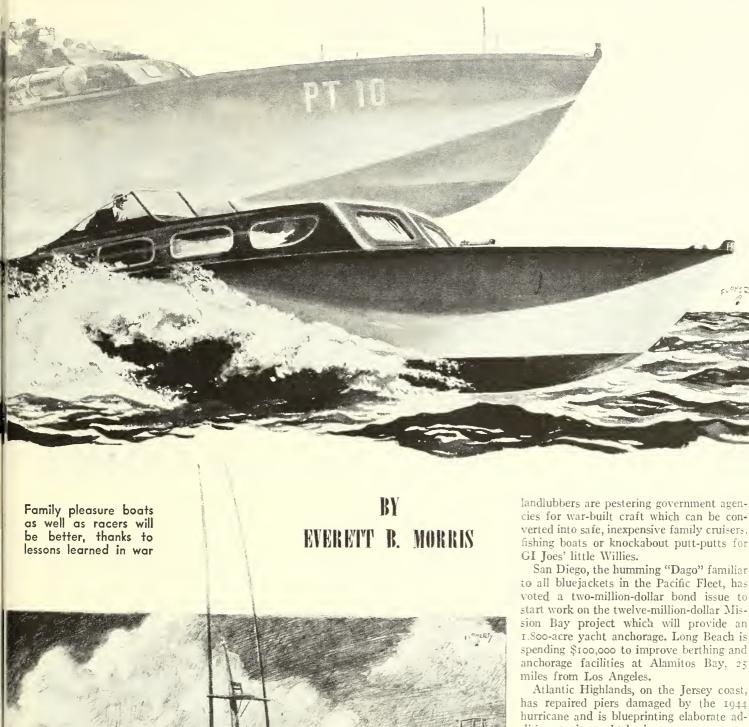
whilom "heavy" of the Pasadena Playhouse, only driver to win America's premier speedboat trophy, the Gold Cup, three times in a row. *El Lagarto*, oldest of Gold Cup racers, coming out of long retirement to show her flashing heels to newer, fancier whizbuckets in 1933, 1934 and 1935.

You knew, too, what was going on. It all fell into a pattern. The war was over. Fuel rationing had ended. Travel restrictions had eased. A fellow could buy parts and engines and even boats again. Reis and his beloved *El Lagarto*, ancient but agile Leaping Lizard of Lake George, were only one sign pointing the way to 1946 when motorboating, shelved for the four war summers, would be back on the sports calendar, bigger, brighter and faster than ever.

There are plenty of other signs. Everywhere one goes, on fresh water or salt, on inland streams or the lakes which man made by damming flood rivers, there are unmistakable indications that the pent-up

interest in both competitive and recreational boating has burst its war-imposed bonds, that the sport is on its way to unprecedented peacetime prosperity, to new speed records, to new highs in the number of participants.

Boat builders don't have to seek customers. Old clients and new converts are literally begging them to accept orders. Municipalities, Counties, States and the Federal Government are drawing plans for the expansion of boating facilities to meet anticipated demands. Eager young men with the speed virus in their bloodstreams are trying to get their hands on the highpowered, liquid-cooled engines which drove our fighter planes, PT boats and air-sea rescue craft. The American Power Boat Association, ruling body of speedboat racing and head decorator of this show window of the sport, has thrown its once tightly restricted Gold Cup class wide open to development and experimentation. Erstwhile



cies for war-built craft which can be converted into safe, inexpensive family cruisers. fishing boats or knockabout putt-putts for

to all bluejackets in the Pacific Fleet, has voted a two-million-dollar bond issue to start work on the twelve-million-dollar Mission Bay project which will provide an 1,800-acre yacht anchorage. Long Beach is spending \$100,000 to improve berthing and anchorage facilities at Alamitos Bay, 25

has repaired piers damaged by the 1944 hurricane and is blueprinting elaborate additions to its yacht basin.

Kansas, which by no stretch of imagination can be called a maritime State, has a potential boating paradise on the way with its war-interrupted Kanopolis Dam and Reservoir construction in Ellsworth County.

Provo, Utah, is completing a boat harbor at the mouth of the Provo River adjoining Utah Lake, largest body of fresh water in the State.

The Tennessee Valley Authority, whose operations have dotted that country with new lakes and more navigable rivers, is encouraging towns and counties down there to build clubhouses, floats and wharves to

(Continued on page 46)



Major General Chennault receives the Distinguished Flying Cross from Major General Stratemeyer



CHINA will never forget CHENNAULT

The Chinese knew what they owed the American general "who had stopped the bombings," and went all out to express their gratitude

EARLY last July, the U.S. Army Command in Chungking announced that Major General Clare Chennault no longer commanded the American air forces in China: his Fourteenth Air Force, combined with other units, was put under Lieutenant General George E. Stratemeyer, formerly of the India-Burma theater. A few days later, General Chennault resigned.

A new era had opened in China . . . an era of expansion, requiring a new type of military man. But a period had closed, too: one of the most romantic sagas in recent American history came to an end when Clare Chennault ended his eight years of unbroken service in China, with the announcement that he was going home.

But before he could leave, the Chinese had something to say to the man who had driven the Japanese planes from their skies. They said it, in the next three weeks, in every form that Oriental gratitude could devise. "China," in the words of one Chinese official, "has never loved a foreigner so much since Marco Polo left us 500 years ago." China has certainly never shown such emotion over any man since the death of the founder of her Republic, Sun Yat Sen.

On the day when Chennault's resignation was announced, every newspaper in China ordered its Kunming representative to call on him. The question asked was always the same: "Is there any chance that you

will change your mind and stay?" Among the numerous messages that clogged the telegraph wires to Kunming, that of T. L. Wang, Minister of Information, said, "The Chinese people are wordless in their grief, while Chinese newspapers have acquired a

A comrade in arms of the Flying Tiger days was General Hsueh Yueh



sudden eloquence when they editorialize proudly on what you have done for China."

The editorials which appeared in Chinese-language papers outdid anything American newspapers have printed in praise of any foreigner in history. Chennault was compared to the Sung dynasty military saint, General Yu Fei . . . to the great Chinese fighter of classical times, Chu Ko Liang. The Chinese press mentioned the existence of a Flying Tigers fan club of small boys in America. They dipped into American



By GRETTA PALMER

military history, comparing Chennault to Robert E. Lee ("Another general who accomplished much with little"), to Billy Mitchell ("The General's early friend, who, like him, cannot be properly appraised during his life time, he was so far ahead of his times"), to General Douglas MacArthur ("Who also served a foreign government and also understood an Oriental people.") It was pointed out that the Fourteenth Air Force had destroyed or damaged two mil-



The General demonstrates an air maneuver to some of his fighter pilots at the Kunming air base

lion tons of Japanese shipping in the past three years, that it had saved thousands of Chinese lives by driving the Japanese bombers from the great cities of the west, that it had, perhaps, saved China from total disintegration after an enemy victory.

Letters and messages and callers poured in to the ugly, khaki-stuccoed house near the Kunming airport. H. H. Kung urged the general to stay, from his rich-man's compound in Chungking. General Tu Li Ming wrote, "The Generalissimo needs you

Jing Bow, Chinese for Air Raid, brings out the Flying Tigers



as much as China needed the Great Walls in the past." General Ma Tsung Liu wrote a poem with the lines, "When will the Flying Tiger's banner fly again like fire? When will we cross the East Sea together to slaughter the Whales?"

The procession of silk-gowned dignitaries grew with the days. Over the dusty road from town . . . now renamed for Chennault . . . came officials in smart sedans. simpler people in rickshaws and carts. They carried scrolls, ceremonial banners, urns, paintings, bronzes, jade: crated for shipment, the gifts sent the General during his last weeks weighed almost a ton.

Delegations of children from the orphanages befriended by Chennault visited his office, bearing sticky, loving bunches of flowers. A town meeting of Kunming officials decreed an arch in his honor leading to the airport, which will be christened with his Chinese name of Chen Na Teh. A merchants' association group waited upon the General to ask if they might close all banks and stores for a day of mourning when he left. (He asked them not to.) The Governor of Yunnan province did him the delicate Chinese honor of a private feast in his own home . . . with only six guests, including the ancient who had taught the governor as a small child.

(Continued on page 52)

TO KEEP 'EM ROLLING

(Continued from page 19)

restoring weapons is enough to establish an aptitude. For practical experience gained in service or earlier, veterans will be credited in full on enrollment, thus shortening the prescribed period of instruction. Rapid progress will further speed completion of the course.

Among the major companies whose dealers are now training apprentices throughout the country under registered programs are: General Motors Corporation, Ford Motor Company, Packard Motor Car Company, Chrysler Corporation, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Greyhound Corporation, White Motor Company, Freuhauf Trailer Company, Mack Trucks, Inc., the Studebaker Corporation, and many others.

For the veteran who has decided to learn a skilled trade on his return to civilian life, the instructions are simple. Apply for apprenticeship at the United States Employment Service office and the Veterans Administration. Applications also may be made directly to an employer or to a local labor organization in the trade.

For both the artisan and the amateur, the door of opportunity opens here on approximately identical vistas. Aside from the automobile manufacturing industry with about 580,000 employes—principal single job-mecca for automobile mechanicsthere are dealers' garages, independent garages and service stations with facilities for repair. A substantial part of their labor population is represented in the United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.) peak membership figure of 1,250,000 in 1944. Reliable estimates place the number of such establishments before the war at more than 300,000. Today this total has shrunk to well under 200,000.

The inadequacy of the figures to indicate the true needs for mechanics in various related automotive fields is obvious in that no mention is made of fleet operators. At the head of the list are large inter-urban bus systems such as Greyhound and Trailways, operating on a national or vast regional scale; municipal bus lines and municipal garages; taxicab campanies; delivery companies; car rental agencies and others.

The veteran who aspires to become an automotive mechanic may also reflect with satisfaction on the fact that the 29,000,000 passengers cars on America's streets and highways in 1940 dropped to less than 27,000,000 during the war and that more than 16,000,000 were six years old or more before the job of reconversion in the auto manufacturing industry began. Many of them will have frequent need for attention before they are replaced by new models. As for the growth of the industry, it has been authoritatively estimated that there will be 35,000,000 automobiles in public

hands by 1950, an increase of 6,000,000 over the 1940 total.

Another bright spot in the employment picture is that little of the foregoing has contemplated the job opportunities for mechanics in the trucking end of the industry. It is estimated that the normal pre-war total of trucks was about 5,000,000, nearly one-fifth of which were owned and self-operated by the farm population. The other 4,000,000 were used in some branch of trade, industry or transportation. There are huge trucking firms and storage companies operating on a national scale; others operating fleets of trucks of less pretentious proportions also have service and maintenance departments employing many skilled and apprentice mechanics.

It is the opinion of some authorities in the automotive repair field that the independent or neighborhood garage of most communities will disappear in the near future. They feel that these services will be replaced by the efficient dealer-garage, and by the new gasoline filling stations now being planned by most large oil companies. The latter development enlarges, however, another field for the mechanically inclined veteran who is less than a skilled craftsman.

Not the least of these duties will be those of salesman. The fully equipped, up-to-date station will handle the usual accessories such as horns, lamps, seat covers, tool boxes, spark plugs, filters, fuses, fan belts, radiator hose, cables, cleaning materials, chemicals, polishes, anti-freeze, and full lines of tires, tubes, batteries and other specialties.

Some idea of the magnitude of the filling station operation is shown by figures provided by the American Petroleum Institute disclosing that in 1939 there were about 231,500 station proprietors in the

United States, who gave employment to nearly 200,000 full-time and almost 40.000 part-time employes. The annual payroll for the business was slightly less than \$200,000,000. It will be noted, however, that there were nearly as many station owners as full and part-time employes.

The greatest opportunity open to the ambitious service station employe is the chance to become a manager and eventually acquire a business of his own. Veterans with appropriate background, preferably with business experience, are receiving preference on applications filed with major oil companies for service station privileges.

Veterans who want employment in a filling station should make first inquiry at the office of any of the large major oil companies operating nearest their homes. On acceptance—and ex-G.I.'s are given preference whenever possible—the company will place him in one of its well-managed, company-operated master service stations where he will be made familiar with modern equipment, taught selling methods and other filling station requirements. At the end of the training period, he may obtain more responsible employment at an independent station, or perhaps find a place in the sales organization.

Station employes usually work 48 hours a week. Frequently the working days include Sundays and holidays. Average pay is difficult to estimate, but schedules of operation indicate a scale of about \$150 a month. For the beginner, it certainly won't be much more, but the following table casts some light on the weekly wage situation:



What is Your Child's "I.Q."?

The tests which determine a child's intelligence quotient help to predict his possibilities for further mental development. The great majority of children would pass such tests with a "good mark"—a few would prove to be far above average.

Whatever your child's I.Q., however, he will be better fitted for life if he has a good education, and you can make certain that he will be able to complete the schooling he deserves—even if you should die—by providing some extra Prudential life insurance for this purpose. You can also accumulate funds to pay for his college education, through a special Prudential juvenile policy which matures when a child is eighteen.

Your Prudential representative will be glad to explain

such Prudential policies to you, and to show you the advantages of providing for your child's education in this way. When you talk with him, take the opportunity to ask him whether your life insurance program, as a whole, is planned to give you the best possible value for your money. His training and experience qualify him to give you sound advice.

You will enjoy the Prudential Family Hour—Every Sunday afternoon, CBS. And the Jack Berch Show— Every afternoon, Mondays through Fridays, ABC.



THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

ROOT COMPORT He won't change from shoes to slippers—

Luxurious comfort teams up with smart styling in Massagic Shoes. The resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift pillow every step. Selected leathers and expert craftsmanship provide the rest. \$7.85—some styles higher. Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Company, Milwaukce 1, Wis.

because he's enjoying

Massagic Comfort.

MASSAGIC



* Tields with every step * Absorbs shocks, jors * Keeps you foot-fresh

LIMITED SERVICE

O'N the morning after Pearl Harbor, Bart Scimone was first in line at the recruiting office. But it seemed they didn't want him in the Army or the Navy or the Marines. A little matter of his trade. He was a precision tool operator at a radio manufacturing plant in Newark, New Jersey. The plant was making radio and—you had to whisper it then—radar equipment for the armed forces. So they sent him back to work.

He was a skilled workman and took pride in his work. And his foreman and plant supervisor were equally proud of him. So whenever visiting dignitaries were shown through the plant, they were taken over to where Bart was working and he was asked to explain the process. One day the party included several high-ranking officers in the Army and Navy and Bart grew so enthusiastic about the particular operation he was performing that his right hand strayed a little too close to a punch press. Suddenly Bart yelled in pain. The thumb and first two fingers were gone!

He spent three months in the hospital and when he was discharged, he headed straight for the recruiting office.

The officer in charge was nonplussed. "How long have you been out of work?" "Three months," was the reply. The officer didn't ask whether the radio plant wanted Bart back, and Bart didn't tell him.

His card was marked "Limited Service." Inside of three months, he had wheedled

himself around the "Limited Service" restrictions and soon Bart was a very important member of a gun crew which was part of a field artillery unit assigned to the 95th Infantry Division, the Victory Division.

At the storming of Metz, Bart had a chance to do his best late one afternoon. The batteries of guns were emplaced and firing. More than that, they were being fired upon, and heavily. The wire that had been strung from his battery to the adjacent battery for liaison and intelligence was blown apart. The necessary communication was achieved by radio but was maintained only briefly, because suddenly the neighboring battery's radio went dead.

Bart's battery commander was frantic. His own communications were intact, but he had to have communication with the flanking battery. Bart went up to him. "Sir," he saluted, "I used to work in a radio plant, manufacturing these things."

"You don't have to go, you know," the officer said. But Bart had already gone, taking advantage of the shell craters, and less than five minutes later, radio communication was re-established.

Later, back in the rest center, they had a big parade. And a general who had once toured through a radio manufacuring plant in Newark, was very surprised indeed to have the same man salute him with only two fingers of his right hand, while he pinned on Pvt. Scimone's breast the Silver Star for gallantry in action.—By Major Irving M. Moss

BOOKS ON THE CEILING

OPTICAL equipment which will project books on ceilings is now being used to relieve the monotony of hospitalized veterans who are forced to lie flat on their backs. Through a non-profit organization known as Projected Books, equipment is being made available to hospitals, and microfilms of popular books are being prepared for use in the machines.

The apparatus consists of a projector, basically similar to a conventional slidefilm projector, whose lens is aimed at the ceiling over the patient's head. The "book,' reproduced on a reel of film, is fed through the projector a page at a time, and the patient brings a new page into view by pressing a switch. Tests made at Halloran General Hospital, on Staten Island, New York Harbor, and at the Percy Jones General and Convalescent Hospital, in Battle Creek, Michigan, have met with an enthusiastic reception by veterans. It is also planned to use Projected Books for poliomyelitis victims, and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is arranging to reproduce children's books for this purpose.

To encourage the use of Projected Books, several newspapers, magazines and fraternal organizations have set up funds for the purchase of projectors and microfilms of books for the use of bed-ridden veterans, and in some instances publishers are furnishing copics of their magazines at their own expense on microfilm for use in the machines.

The idea for Projected Books is credited

to Eugene B. Power, president of University Microfilms of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and R. D. Howse, president of Argus, Inc., of the same city. After the technical prob-



lems had been worked out, a staff of advisors was established to undertake the work of compiling books, clearing reproduction rights, and getting the reading matter on the ceilings of hospitals.



Ask G.I. Joe about

GMC ARMY "WORKHORSE" ENGINES



If you want to know about the power and performance of GMC military trucks just ask G.I. Joe! He's seen GMCs perform dozens of difficult duties with the different branches of the "Service." He's watched GMCs pull heavy loads through some of the toughest going that cargo vehicles were ever asked to tackle.

G.I. Joe has heard Army truck drivers and maintenance men praise the stamina and dependability of GMC's "270" engine. He knows this praise and the phrase "Army's Workhorse" are well deserved because he's seen GMC power proved on every front.

The GMC you own ... or the one you buy, in any model or chassis type from ½ to 20 tons ... can be looked to for comparable rugged, dependable performance because its engine is of the same basic design as that which powered "the Army's Workhorse."

THE TRUCK OF VALUE



GASOLINE . DIESEL



YAN'T YOU SEE-I'm wearing a new Zenith Hearing Aid and I can hear again! You don't have to shout any more.

Sure...l admit I used to think it was my business if I didn't choose to wear an aid. But when folks stopped trying to make me hear because they had to shout... I realized my defective hearing involved more than just myself.

So I got smart and tried a Zenith. Wear it as casually as eyeglasses now because its Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord are so inconspicuous, (Even you didn't notice it, remember?) And I'm getting out among people more . . . getting on better with my work, too.

Smartest thing I ever did for myself and my friends was putting on a Zenith. No one will ever have to raise his voice to me again.

If you are hard of hearing-do yourself and your friends a favor: Visit your local Zenith dispenser for a free demonstration of the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

No one will press you to buy. You adjust the Zenith yourself to your own hearing needs with the flick of a finger. It's easy as focusing binoculars! See your dispenser soon ... and drop a note to Zenith Radio Corporation, Dept. AL-2B, Chicago 39, Illinois, for free descriptive literature.

Super-powered Model A-3-A \$50 Model B-3-A (Bone-Conduction) \$50 Standard Model A-2-A \$40



THE NEW



HEARING AID

BY THE MAKERS OF ZENITH RADIOS

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PIPE DREAMS

(Continued from page 26)

into his shop with the understanding that they'd remain apprentices for two years, during which time they'd draw regular apprentice pay. They would learn everything he could teach them about pipe making: How to age and cure the brier; how to cut and sand and polish the pipes; how to repair and mend broken stems and bowls; how to blend and mix tobaccos to suit the taste of the individual pipe smoker.

At the end of two years Bertram will determine whether the vet is qualified to become a journeyman pipemaker. If he is, there will be two courses open. He can remain with Bertram in his factory in Washington, making and repairing pipes and drawing the full pay of a journeyman pipemaker. Or he can borrow money through the GI Bill of Rights and start his own pipe shop in some other city. In this latter case the vet would practically have the business set up for him from the outset. Bertram explains it this way:

"About one-third of our business is handled through the mails. We supply pipes and tobaccos to customers in every state in the country. In helping a Bertramtrained veteran set up his own shop, we'd first locate a city in which there was no quality pipe maker. The veteran would borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights to pay rental on his shop and take care of other original investments. We'd turn over to him, as a nucleus to insure business from the start, a list of our mail customers in his area. Then we'd supply him with a stock of Bertram pipes and tobaccos, and incidental smoking equipment which we buy in large lots. In that way he'd be in business from the moment he opened the door of his shop."

The vet who goes into business for himself will be in a position to do pipe repair work in his own shop, to turn out specially designed pipes, and to mix special tobacco blends.

Eddie Michael, a disabled Seabee, was the first vet hired by Bertram. A woodworker before the war, 42-year-old Michael already had considerable basic experience which proved helpful in learning the pipemaking trade. More important, he liked the work. At this writing he's been with Bertram for a year and a half and at the present time is in charge of the factory's repair shop.

"Eddie's as good a pipe repairman as there is in the country," Bertram said. We saw what he meant when Eddie came over with a pipe he'd been working on. The stem had broken off near the bowl and Eddie had put it back together again with a piece of matched brier. He'd done such a good job that we couldn't locate the place where it had been mended until he pointed it out to us.

William Bellew, 27, a former Flying Fortress waist gunner who lost an eye in a daylight raid over Germany, is one of the more recent convertees to the Bertram plan. Born in Preston, England, and brought up in Adams, Massachusetts, he worked for the British Embassy and the British Purchasing Commission in Washington before enlisting. He went on the first daylight raid against Berlin, and had a total of 23 missions over the Continent before his plane ran into heavy flak in a raid against Leipzig, Germany, July 29,

After hospitalization in England and the United States he was given a disability discharge and went back to his old job with the British Purchasing Commis-

"I wanted something more permanent than that," he said. "I guess I thought of a hundred different jobs, but they either didn't appeal to me or they couldn't be handled by a guy with an artificial eye. Then I heard about the pipe factory and







He came home one day and saw his landlady climbing a ladder to do some painting. Big hearted Tony grabbed the brush, climbed the ladder, did the painting. He liked painting a lot.

"From then on I just painted my way," says Tony. He painted buggies and barns, houses and furniture, inside and out. Hired painters to help. Business boomed. Then IT happened.



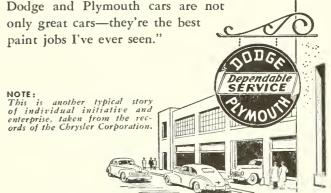
IT happened when Tony bought a secondhand car, painted it up, sold it quick. Bought another, sold it. Still another and sold that, too. Tony was now painting his way like nobody's business.

Tony outgrew one sales lot after another. When the Dodge people talked to Tony about being their dealer, Tony said, "Sure, Dodge is the best car I ever painted." He acquired a building, equipment and an organization and sold a thousand cars the first year in business.

When the war

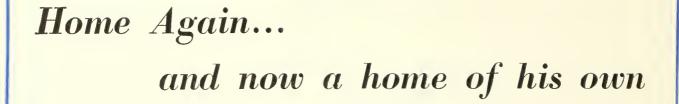
came he was doing \$3,000,000 of business a year. During the war Tony's shops were busy full time taking care of people who wanted "Tony's touch" for their aging war-time cars.

Tony is all set for the future. "I'm still sitting on top of the ladder," says Tony. "I've got the best new and used car business in the world. Those new Dodge and Plymouth cars are not



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REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT! The Music of Andre Kostelanetz and the musical world's most popular stars - Thursday, CBS, 9 P. M., E. S. T.



During their many months away from home, many veterans of World War II dreamed of establishing their own clean, warm, secure, happy homes with the girl they left behind. Congress made it possible for veterans to buy or build their own modest homes without any cash down payment.

For 115 years, Savings, Building and Loan Associations and Co-operative Banks have specialized in fitting home loans to individual requirements. These institutions gladly offer their specialized experience to returned veterans because they are managed by local businessmen who have a friendly interest in helping veterans become home owners.

More than 85% of all veterans who obtained home loans through financial institutions to date have chosen Savings, Building and Loan Associations and Co-operative Banks. Talk over your home buying or building plans with one of these institutions today.



"WE SECOND THE NOMINATION"



When ex-Governor John Stelle, of Illinois, was nominated as National Commander of The American Legion, two Governors seconded the nomination. One was Ralph H. Gates, of Indiana, left, the other was Gregg Cherry, of North Carolina, center. Commander Stelle is at right

came over to have a talk with Mr. Bertram. I've been here ever since."

Like all of the other apprentices in the factory, Bellew is learning all phases of the pipemaking business. He spends part of his time in the shop, getting first hand experience in pipemaking and repairing, and the rest of the time he's up front in the store, helping customers pick out the kind of pipes and tobaccos that are best suited to their individual tastes.

It's a little early yet to know whether Bellew will continue working in the factory or set up his own shop somewhere else when he has finished his period of apprenticeship, but either way he says this is the kind of work he hoped for, yet was afraid he couldn't find. The other vets seem to feel the same way.

During the 70 years in which the Bertrams have been making pipes in this country their list of customers has included many persons of prominence. When he was first elected President, Franklin D. Roosevelt smoked a Bertram pipe. Later, when he changed to cigarettes, he called on Sid Bertram's father to make the celebrated Roosevelt cigarette holder.

Marshal Josef Stalin smokes a Bertram tobacco mixture. Generals MacArthur, Patton, Kreuger, Wainwright and Hodges use Bertram pipes, as do film actors Red Skelton, Edward G. Robinson and others.

All Bertram pipes are made of Algerian brier root, a fact which is causing Bertram some concern at the present time since the French government recently cut off all exports of the raw brier blocks.

His tobaccos are especially mixed in the factory and 12 of the most popular blends are put up in regular size packages. In addition, Bertram estimates that he has developed more than 600 different pipe mixtures, each one varying in burning quality, pungency and taste.

While we were talking with Bertram an order came in for tobacco for Marshal Stalin. We noticed that the order called for the cheapest blend among the factory's house mixtures. Later Bertram showed us the rough design for a pipe, drawn by the Rajah of India. "It was copied from one of our pipes owned by an American officer who was stationed in India," Bertram said. "The Rajah saw the pipe, liked it enough to make a drawing, and asked the officer to order it from us."

LeRoy Clem finished the pipe he was working on and brought it over for inspection. Bertram put his okay on the job.

Clem, like the II other disabled veterans now serving apprenticeships in the shop, is wholeheartedly behind the Bertram plan.

Clem is married to a girl he met while he was hospitalized after losing his leg. He receives a full disability pension from the Veterans Administration, and in addition Bertram pays him a straight salary. Asked whether his artificial leg has caused him any difficulty in mastering the new work, he said: "I could handle that machine just as easily if I'd lost both legs,"





Why do you suppose the preferred club soda at fine bars everywhere is Canada Dry Water? Because, unlike ordinary club sodas or carbonated tap waters... Canada Dry Water adds to the goodness of a drink, doesn't just dilute it.

There are scientific reasons for its superiority. Only Canada Dry Water has "Pin-Point Carbonation"... to insure sparkling, bubbling life to the last sip. Only Canada Dry Water is made according to a special formula that points up—never drowns out—flavor.

Don't miss the full enjoyment of a drink by using an inferior mixer. Stick to Canada Dry Water—your drinks will sparkle longer, taste better.

MAKE DELICIOUS SOFT DRINKS AT HOME! Try mixing Canada Dry Water with fresh and canned fruit juices, and flavor extracts. Use it to make real Ice Cream Sodas, too!

I'M A VETERAN

(Continued from page 23)

side. Jim had a chip on his shoulder as he faced Judge Braude. "I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "I was drunk, I guess. Listen, I was in the Army for two years. I ought to get some credit for that."

"Jim," the judge said, "we believe a war veteran is entitled to all the help and consideration we can show him, because he's earned it. He should get first choice on jobs, and he should have a special bureau at his disposal for advice and assistance, if he wants it.

However, when a veteran breaks the laws of his community, then he forfeits his claim to special privileges. If he feels that, because he fought for his country, he's now a law unto himself, then he's abusing the very things for which he fought, and he becomes a menace to his fellow citizens."

Before Judge Braude rendered a decision, however, he sent Jim to Dr. D. B. Rotman, head of the Psychiatric Institute of the Municipal Court. Next day, Dr. Rotman returned his diagnosis: no psychosis, no mental deficiency, delinquent trends. This meant Jim is a normal individual, in full possession of his faculties. The judge felt justified in treating him as such.

According to a policy of Boys' Court, when circumstances warrant the act, the charge of burglary, a felony, was changed to petty larceny, a misdemeanor. (In felony cases, the judge of Boys' Court sits only as an examining magistrate for the purpose of conducting a preliminary hearing. If there is a finding of probable cause, and no basis for reducing the charge, the defendant is then bound over to the grand jury to stand trial in the criminal court.) Jim was found guilty of petty larceny and sentenced to 30 days in the county jail. He happened to be a Catholic boy, so later he was put under the supervision of the Holy Name Society, one of the social agencies Judge Braude uses extensively for the rehabilitation of



"I'd like to get into advertising, but first I think I'll go back and finish high school"

M.\RCH, 1946

4

delinquent boys. He was ordered to stop drinking. His parents were notified. At the end of his period of supervision, when he had completed all requirements, Judge Braude ordered him to buy a bus ticket and go home.

The judge asked himself if anything could have been done to prevent Jim's experience. The answer was yes.

Judge Braude believes military authorities should retain jurisdiction over a discharged serviceman until that veteran reaches the place where he was inducted. Many boys are discharged at points far from their homes. Like Jim, they wander into large cities and get into trouble. If they had to report to their local draft boards before their discharge became official, many of their difficulties could be avoided. Perhaps a railroad ticket home could be substituted for part of their mustering-out pay. (Exceptions, of course, would have to be made. If a vet who formerly lived in Chicago were mustered out in California, and if he decided to marry and settle there, he should not be required to come East. And a certain degree of discretion should be left with company commanders or officers at points of separation so that exceptions might be made in proper cases.)

This is at least one positive proposal to cut down the rate of delinquency among discharged servicemen. It is a fact that fully 80 percent of the boys in trouble seen in court are not native Chicagoans. Strangers in a big city, they have neither friends nor families to speak in their behalf.

What of the veteran whose present arrest follows upon a record of delinquency in civilian life, a bad conduct or dishonorable discharge from the service, or both?

Joe Smith, another real boy who has been given an assumed name, is a good example of this type. Joe is a veteran at 18. He enlisted in the Navy when he was 17, and was discharged four months later for striking an officer. The juvenile courts of Chicago know him well. He has a long record for truancy and disorderly conduct. After his brief period of service in the Navy, he committed a more serious offense. Shortly after his discharge, Joe went on an all-night spree in the Loop. At four o'clock in the morning he was wandering about alone. He had a .38-caliber revolver in his pocket. He saw two women near the corner of LaSalle street and Jackson boulevard who were walking quickly down the dark, deserted street. They were war workers, returning from their all-night jobs. Joe drew his revolver, held up the women. and robbed them of their purses and their watches. Than he ran. But the police, answering to the women's cries, were quicker than Joe. They caught him several blocks away.

Superficially, Joe's period of service in the Navy would seem to have little bearing on his problem. He served only a short time, and neither overseas, nor in combat,

BILLINGSLEY'S STORK CLUB BARBER PASSES OUT RED HOT TIP!

Mr. John Anzalone, 'head man' of the Stork Club barber shop in New York City, gives low-down on some guests barred by famous red rope. . . .



He'll never get by: Tousled, unkempt hair certainly doesn't belong in the Stork Club. Watch the red rope go up on him! If only he'd take my tip and use Kreml Hair Tonic—it keeps stubborn hair neatly in place all day long—looking so trim and handsome.



Rope strongles gigolo: He plastered his hair down with grease and found himself socially taboo. Pasted down hair stamped him as a gigolo. Kreml keeps hair looking so neat and well groomed yet never leaves it looking or feeling oily and greasy.



No admittance: How uncouth he looks with his shoulders littered with dandruff flakes. So careless about his appearance. Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove untidy dandruff flakes. Leaves scalp feeling so clean and refreshed.



Always welcome: He followed my advice about Kreml. His hair always looks so neat and spruce. An asset anywhere. Thousands of America's best dressed men use Kreml to keep their hair looking its best. Why not let Kreml help improve the appearance of your hair!

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itehing of Dry Sealp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



nor in any capacity that would obviously alter his outlook on life. But military service had a strong, if temporary effect on this "bad" boy's thinking. The Navy had accepted him and he felt he was a man, more than ever the master of his own destiny. Then, rebellious as ever, he was unable to conform to military discipline, just as he had been unable to conform in civilian life. His bad conduct discharge was another black mark against him, and if it was a wound to his ego, it served to increase his contempt for the law.

In spite of his bad conduct discharge, Joe, like Jim, made a half-hearted attempt to palm off his military service as a counterweight in the balance against him. When he first appeared in court, Judge Braude asked the usual question. "What's your draft status, Joe?" Joe drew himself up. "One-C," he replied, and in a faint, but apparent tone of pride, added, "I served in the United States Navy."

When all the testimony had been given, Judge Braude felt Joe was certainly a participant in the crime wave of the pre-war years. Up to now, he had escaped serious punishment, but if he were allowed to go unchecked, he would turn into a full-fledged criminal when he reached maturity. And Joe could not be allowed to think he was entitled to become a robber because he had served his country.

Changing the charge again, from robbery to petty larceny, the judge found Joe guilty and sentenced him to a year in the House of Correction. When his term of imprisonment is up, he will probably be put under supervision, and an attempt will be made to save him from a life of crime thereafter.

As the record shows, there are a number of veterans landing in Boys' Court whom the judge does not consider fully responsible for their misdeeds. The Army has discharged many boys who were mentally or emotionally unable to adjust to military life. The tragic cases of boys who became neuro-psychiatric casualties during their periods of service are added to this group.

John Rogers, another real individual with a fictitious name, was brought to Boys' Court on charges of disorderly conduct and carrying concealed weapons. John, 20 years old, was arrested as the aggressor in a street fight. During the brawl, he pulled out a long knife he had used as an infantryman in the jungles of New Guinea, and brandished it at his opponent. The latter was a 19-year-old sailor who insisted he never had seen John before in his life. John had a different story. "He called me a lousy 4-F," the young vet said, with hatred in his voice and eyes.

Judge Braude turned to Dr. Rotman's report. John, the doctor had written, had been discharged for combat fatigue and neurosis. He was a psychotic individual, but amenable to treatment. Instead of fining John, or sending him to jail, the judge put him under the psychiatric supervision of the court. He was ordered to stay

off the streets after 10 p.m., and to report regularly to a clinic for treatments.

Sadly enough, some neuro-psychiatric vets don't know the reason for their discharge. When Judge Braude asks them why they were let out, they shake their heads in bewilderment. Once the judge was addressing a 19-year-old Negro boy, charged with snatching a woman's purse. He had served in the Army for three months. "Why were you discharged, son?" the judge asked. "I dunno, suh," the boy replied, "but they tell me they's somethin' wrong with mah haid."

The judge finds jalopy cars have been a frequent element in cases involving veterans. The boys have been restrained and subject to discipline for so long that they just want to tear loose. Sometimes owning a car is what they dreamed of in the mudholes of New Guinea and the hell-holes of Italy and Germany. Many use their mustering-out and back pay to buy jalopies. Not only traffic accidents, but criminal charges against them often result.

Let's use the name of George Jones to indicate one boy who took his musteringout pay, \$200, and bought a 1937 car. George, 19 years old, served in the Army ten months before he was medically discharged. Riding around the neighborhood in his new possession, he commanded the attention and envy of his friends. One night after a beer party (with his jalopy filled with boys) he raced the car down the street and ran into an old woman. His brakes were defective and he couldn't stop in time. Suffering a skull fracture and broken bones, the woman died, leaving George to face manslaughter and reckless driving charges. With jurisdiction over the reckless driving charge, Judge Braude first ordered George to sell his car.

"You could have used the \$200 to start a savings account, or to buy war bonds, or

to finish your education where you left off, or to start providing in some way for your future," the judge admonished him. "You're a civilian now. Your army days are behind you. You have to think about making a way for yourself in civilian life. We could have helped you as a veteran, George, but you should have started out by helping yourself."

Proposals advocating veterans' courts already have been heard. Judge Braude thinks the establishment of such courts would be a mistake, for veterans would then know they would be given special treatment if they broke the law. As the judge told Jim, he believes vets are entitled to special privileges as good citizens, but only up to that point.

Judge Braude is a veteran of the First World War, when he served as a lieutenant of field artillery. He has been a judge in the municipal courts of Chicago since 1934. five years of that time in Boys' Court, His patient probing into the background of a young offender, his insistence of psychiatric exams where necessity indicates, and his extensive use of the facilities of social agencies have been successful tactics, whether applied to veterans, or boys who have not been in the armed forces. In his court, the high bench and the black robe have little traffic with pretentiousness, or purely legal interpretation. Instead, his senses are keyed to the needs of a changing time. Acutely aware of the problems brought down upon youth by the war, he gives every case before him long and earnest consideration. He believes our first duty to the millions of our war veterans is to help them help themselves. To give a vet the least indication that, because he served his country, he is no longer bound to abide by the same laws as his fellow citizens, is not only dangerous to the boy's welfare, but dangerous to the welfare of others.



"Aw, gee, Mom! We're only playing with our war souvenirs!"



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MARCH, 1946 47

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Hubba Hubba! A striking $8\frac{1}{2}$ " by 11" pin-up of Burma-Shave's glamor gal, Miss Burma, is yours for the asking! Just clip and fill in the coupon at the right and send it, together with the front panel (the side with the price on it) of a Burma-Shave carton

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BOATING BOOM

(Continued from page 31)

accommodate the hundreds of recent and incipient converts today sailing, fishing and cruising.

Yards and shops which built the thousands of Army and Navy assault boats, launches, patrol, auxiliary and minor combat craft for the grim and utilitarian purposes of war, are hustling now to cope with the booming demand for equipment essential to peacetime pleasure boating.

Those are only a few of the weather vanes which show how the boating breezes are blowing. Old hands at the game are coming back with renewed enthusiasm; thousands of ex-servicemen who got their first taste of boating on amphibious operations are eager to try a helping of it under pleasanter circumstances.

The war brought great advances in the development of light weight, high tensile strength metals for shafts, propellers and power plant accessories. New plastics and plywoods are available for the building of light but enduring hulls. New, power-packed fuels are ready for the higher compression engines. Efficient production line methods of construction were applied to the building of boats and motors with resulting lower costs. Lessons learned from the rough water performances of PT boats and fast air-sea rescue craft are applicable to the balancing and underwater hull design of family pleasure boats as well as racers.

It doesn't take a clairvoyant to see America going afloat on a scale comparable to that with which it swung over to the automobile from the horse and buggy. There's water navigable by some sort of boat everywhere you look in this great country of ours, a country with a glowing marine tradition, a country equipped as no

other is to provide its people with the means to take to our rivers, ponds, lakes and coastal seas for sport and recreation.

Family boating enthusiasts are legion in the U. S. A. They are the people the planners are thinking of when they lay down their drawings for new harbors, wharves, mooring slips and water service stations. These are the same people whom the boat builders, motor manufacturers and accessory producers have in mind when they launch their production and advertising campaigns. They, too, are the targets of Chamber of Commerce propaganda extolling the beauties and facilities of this and that lake, or harbor, or river port.

It is the activity of this segment of the boating fraternity—the fisherman, the cruising addict, the week-end itinerant boatman—which is reflected in the enthusiasm of the racing set. The two go hand in hand; cruise in company, if you will.

So you can understand why the racing commission of the American Power Boat Association is now going slightly mad trying to grant all requests for regatta dates and sanctions without bringing about conflicts and unhappiness this summer. And why Florida and California, the off-season racing centers, are playing host this winter to local and traveling monkey wrench sailors in such large numbers.

You can understand, too, why John A. Remon, the big-time telephone company official who has been president of the A.P.B.A. since 1938, can lean back in his swivel chair in his impressive Washington office and say: "There will be more extensive and faster racing than ever before. The first year may be somewhat confusing because of classifying different types of boats. This, however, will be highly interesting and probably spectacular. There will be, no doubt, intense interest on the part of veterans because of their contact with

boating during the war."

Bill Horn, 1932 Gold Cup champion and one of the ablest of our veteran speedboat jockeys, is winding up a huge war-time boat building job at Newport News, Va., and making plans for getting back behind the wheel of something which can throw its rooster tail of spray into the cockpits of his competitors.

He believes that the youngsters who flew our fighters and bombers, and steered our thundering patrol torpedo boats will be seeking an outlet for their war-born speed urge. Motorboat racing is his answer.

It may well be, Horn says, that from this new group will emerge the driver who will regain for the United States the international speedboat record which Sir Malcolm Campbell's Blue Bird II snatched from Gar Wood's Miss America X in 1939. By the same token, adds the optimistic Mr. Horn, these may be the boys who will restore Gold Cup racing to the eminence it has held in this country's sporting sphere ever since C. C. Riotte's smoke-belching, flame-spitting *Standard* churned the Hudson at 23.6 miles an hour to win the antique gold-plated silver urn in 1904.

In the years just before Tojo's treachery caught us off base, the Gold Cup class had been dying on the vine. The only motors to be had were bulky, heavy, low-powered machines built during or just after the First World War. Nothing else was available unless you were a millionaire who could afford to have a special job designed and built to the class limits. There were good foreign motors, but they were barred by the rules which, by the way, were waived in 1938 as a special dispensation to allow Count Theo Rossi, the Italian Vermouth King, to bring over a boat and race under the Detroit Yacht Club colors.

The race that year sharply emphasized what our racers had known all along—the



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United States was woefully behind Europe in the manufacture of lightweight, powerful, high-speed marine motors. Rossi's ALAGI, with its "souped up" 600 horse-power Isotta-Fraschini engine, outclassed her American competition, broke all the records in sight and shoved the Gold Cup class, once the aristocrat of the sport, a few more rungs down the social ladder.

Paradoxically, the war saved the Gold Cup class. There was no racing after 1941, but the Gold Cup owners and the A.P.B.A. officials took time out from their war activities now and then to think and talk about the class. The result of this conversation and cerebration was the appointment of Horn as chairman of a committee to study the dolorous situation and present recommendations to lift the class out of the doldrums. With the help of his old friend and racing foe, Reis, the savvy Mr. Horn plunged into study and research.

Aside from limiting the hull to not less than ten feet nor more than 40 feet in length, and banning wings, air screw or jet propulsion, the new regulations have no reins on power or design. In fact they are so liberal that even Miss America X, whose four 1,600-horsepower engines have pushed her 38-foot hull at 124 miles an hour, is eligible to race for the Gold Cup now. So, for that matter, is Blue Bird II, whose 141.74 m.p.h. is the fastest any boat has ever traveled in or on its element.

Horn and Reis, whose enthusiastic support of the Horn report got it through the A.P.B.A. privy council without a dissenting vote, plunked for the new deal despite the fact that their own craft were thus theoretically removed from the picture. Boats fostered by the new rule promise to make *El Lagarto* and Horn's 20-year-old *Impshi* as out of place on a water race course as a fringe-top surrey at an auto show.

Never has the prospect been brighter for building not one, but many American boats with world record speed capabilities. Compact, high-power, liquid-cooled engines built by the thousand for our warplanes are adaptable to marine conversion. Packard's Rolls-Royce product, a refinement of that already proven in Blue Bird II, is a natural. And something might be done with the secret 16-cylinder, 2,500-horsepower liquid-cooled airplane motor which Chrysler recently revealed it had developed for the Army.

One doesn't have to be an expert to know that instead of a ponderous juggernaut of a floating powerhouse the post-war queen of the waterways is going to be a relatively small, svelte, aero-dynamically streamlined creation.

The mile straightaway mark for Gold Cup hydroplanes is 100.987 miles an hour, made at Detroit in 1940 by Herbert Mendelson's Notre Dame. She was the last word in hull and engine design then, but her supercharged, custom-built 24-cylinder motor pulled only 500 horsepower. The smaller of the two Allison engines built for the Army's pursuit ships is rated at 1,200 horsepower. Figure for yourself what that could do harnessed properly to the right kind of hull.

The stubby, spectacular 225's—the poor man's Gold Cup boat—have done 88.786 miles an hour with a small, high-compression engine adapted from one which for years powered a medium-priced American automobile. The smaller 135's have touched 73.781 m.p.h. and the tiny 91's, about as big as a fancy baby buggy, have a top of 64.685.

All of these records, considered the absolute ceiling for their classes by prewar standards, are in danger this year. Better motors, better materials, hotter fuel and a keener competitive spirit—all byproducts of the war—mean more speed in racing and, in short order, better things for the average boat owner.



"You lucky man, Mr. Twirp! She doesn't make friends with everybody"

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Trailer hame typical of those used by veterans and their families at the University of Missauri. Trailer coaches are paints of call far such civilion services as milk, ice and other necessities.

• Reports from towns and cities all over the United States show that modern, comfortable trailer coaches—economical and efficient beyond even the dreams of a few years ago—are playing a major part in easing the need for small-family dwellings.

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No one who has not actually BEEN INSIDE a modern trailer coach can fully appreciate the roominess, convenience and downright comfort to be found there. (A 22-foot trailer is longer than most BIG living-rooms!) Study the illustrations on this page. Imagine yourself seated on that soft couch . . . using that efficient kitchen . . . hanging your clothes in spacious closets . . . going to sleep on that well-sprung bed. Here is good living, coupled with freedom from unnecessary obligation and expense—in A HOME OF YOUR OWN!

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An ottractive, efficient trailer kitchen with plenty of preparation and starage raam, double sink and oven-stave using bottled gas ar oil.



A soft, raamy bed is an inviting end to a day of good living. Trailer caaches ore camfartable, highly efficient hames—scientifically arranged to save space and steps.

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THE BIRLING MATCH

(Continued from page 25)

"Like as I thought," breathed Morningstar. "Riding the crest. Twenty years is a long time to be king-pin in any sport, but competition will be keen today."

For a moment the Chipmunk stood poised as if waiting for the plaudits of the crowd, looking here and there, while he half consciously turned the log slowly with his feet. It was a picture worth remembering. The Chipmunk's face showed assurance; but only his feet moved at first. Then his whole body went into action, moving faster and faster until the wheeling log had reached such speed that it threw lather-like foam three feet into the air.

Then, as suddenly, things ceased. The feet lost their momentum. The woodsman's boots with their heavy calks came down with a thud and the log stopped instantly, floating majestically in the foam of its own creation. A hush hung over the crowd—a hush that reminded Morningstar of a calm before a storm. They knew there was more to follow, but just what? It came with a bang! The Chipmunk turned a cartwheel on the floating log, then a handspring, and as a murmur went through the crowd he flipped over in a backward somersault. The spectators went wild.

"Beautiful," murmured Morningstar.

But this was only the beginning, a preamble, so to speak, to the gala festivities. Another man leaped upon the teetering log, and now the show was on in full swing. Alert like two tigers ready to spring upon their prey, the two men crouched before one another as if waiting for a predetermined signal.

Then, simultaneously, their feet went into action. The swirling log became a blur like a pinwheel in motion. The pace grew terrific; like squirrels in a treadmill they moved, faster and faster. It came to a point now, as with a sprinter, when the one with the fastest legs would win. But the newcomer lacked the essential qualities. Slowly, he began losing ground. Still moving with all the vigor he had, he droppped to a slant, then to the edge, hung on precariously for a moment, and slipped off into the water with a splash.

"Scientifically done," chortled Morningstar. "Birled as slick as a whistle."

For a while there was no lack of contenders. Rivermen from near and far had trickled in for the celebration, and many were willing to take a hand at the game. But they lacked the speed and ability of the Chipmunk. A swarthy French Canadian held his own for a time, at the opportune time the Chipmunk leaped into the air and came down hard with his calked boots. The log stopped rolling instantly, and the young Canadian made a beautiful dive.

This only whetted the appetites of the pleasure-seeking crowd, and in one voice they bellowed, "Come on. Who's next?"

"Shucks," said a voice behind Morningstar, and turning he saw a young giant untangle himself from a pile of logs. This was the man who had spoken to Morningstar in the hotel lobby.

Five minutes later the young giant was riding aboard the log, facing the Chipmunk, and it was evident by the way the powerful youth carried himself that he was not a



"Ex-Looies, like me—bah! You knew they was a Lieutenant-Colonel and a Lieutenant-Commander, when you introduced me—you half-wit!"



"How about a breakfast food that won't give him more pep?"

new hand at the game of whirling logs. The two powerful men stood half crouched, juggling the log between them like two boxers waiting for an opening. Now the log worked this way, now that, but always under the remote control of those two pair of caulked feet.

Suddenly the Chipmunk cut loose, sending the log into a tail spin, the white froth splashing from side to side. Then, he leaped into the air and spiked her dead. The youth, however, had jumped at the same time, and as he landed confidently on the still log a long drawn-out murmur seethed through the crowd. Never at any birling match had they seen such action. This they had hoped for, and this being a holiday, they put the proper spirit into it with heart and soul.

The two men sprang to life again. The log spun one way, then the other. Sometimes, it jerked like a hooked fish from side to side, then up and down, as the two men crept close to one another, often ankle deep in the water and white froth that rode the crest.

The spat-spat of the calked shoes as the two lumbermen hit the whirling log sounded like distant musketry to Morningstar, and as a past master of the art he followed every move of the young giant; every feint, pass, or parry; every gyration of the log. The crowd howled at every breathtaking move of the men on the log, and he howled with them. Minutes seemed like hours. Now up, now down. Now this way, now that. The two contestants on the log seemed made of some kind of metal that never lost its flexibility.

Then, suddenly it happened. There was a quick gyration of the log, and Morningstar blinked his eyes and stared. Only one man remained on the log. It had happened—but not as he expected. The Chipmunk was still riding the crest.

An hour later Morningstar was back in

his accustomed place in the hotel lobby mulling over past events and pondering the ways of the gods of fate, when a head bobbed into the doorway and a voice asked, "Did you like it?"

Morningstar jumped up. "Just thinking about you, son," he said queerly, then added, "You certainly gave him a run for his money."

"You only know the half of it," came back the young man. "I've been hunting hell and high water for him.

"To ease your curiosity," went on the bronzed giant, "this is how he did it." He pulled off a calked shoe and woolen sock, and across the top of the bared foot ran two rows of deep cuts, the blood already congealed in them. "Spiked me," snapped the youth. "Put the calks to me when I had him where the wool was short. Couldn't take it, damn his dirty, yellow hide!"

"I understand," Morningstar declared grimly, unloosing a slippered foot and removing a white silk sock. "Yes, I understand," he went on quietly. "Look at these scars. It happened in this same place, same individual, but twenty years ago. I was forty at the time. He was twenty. Now he's forty, and you're in your twenties. He couldn't take it either way. For some reason or another, the old world has to have a human rubbish pile. Let's forget the whole thing."

For a long moment the young man stood irresolute, his face grim. Then, quickly, he pulled on his heavy wool sock and stamped his foot into the calked shoe. "Why forget it?" he asked evenly. "Tomorrow is another day, and we'll see what takes place then," and arm in arm, father and son strolled outside and melted in the crowd.

Two Loves Had Smithy

THE Filipino girls who came to pick up laundry always stopped to chat awhile in our tents. They didn't speak very well and it was fun to kid them. Rosy was our favorite. One day Smithy noticed a lovely silk handkerchief she was wearing. It was hand-made, of white parachute silk. A light blue border had been embroidered around the edges, in one corner her name was spelled out, and pink rosebuds had been sewed around it. Rosy had made it herself. When she saw Smith's admiration she offered to make him some.

Smithy took her up on the proposition and asked her to make a couple for him, to send to two girls with whom he was carrying on long-range love affairs. Rosy seemed to catch on, but just to make sure that the names came out correctly Smithy wrote them down for her.

When Rosy brought our laundry back the next time she had the handkerchiefs with her. One was made of white silk with blue embroidery. The other was blue silk with white thread. Smithy already had his letters written to each girl and eagerly took the handkerchiefs to look at them. But the letters were never mailed. Each handkerchief was delicately embroidered—"To Mary and Helen."—By Howard René Stephenson



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CHINA WON'T FORGET

(Continued from page 32)

The General said little to all this; he knew that the Chinese had expressed their appreciation before now . . . and in more painful ways. After General Doolittle's 15 flyers had come down in Chinese territory, and been rescued by the villagers, the Japanese punished them by wiping out two major cities, razing 14 villages and killing over 100,000 Chinese: yet Chennault's flyers had parachuted down in the same area in Free China and been carried out on human backs to safety, regardless of reprisals. Individual cities and provinces had variously expressed their gratitude, when the Fourteenth drove enemy bombers from the skies. Yunnan Province had donated land for a handsome rest camp where American aviators spend their leave. Chinese military men had sent Japanese swords and trophies to Chennault. But everybody, now, wanted to say "Thank you" again.

Kunming had been desperately threatened by Japanese ground forces during the Salween campaign . . . its citizens believed American aircraft had saved them. The official Kunming banquet might have been a stereotyped affair of coxcomb mushrooms, pigeons' eggs and oratory . . . but it wasn't. The toastmaster, dropping all Chinese forms, said simply, "This is the sort of thing we often do and say in China. But this time it's different . . . we mean it." A leading merchant, forgetting his prepared speech in his emotion, handed the General an embroidered banner murmuring, "No more bombs drop, thanks to you. No more bombs in China."

The Chinese government wished to say farewell to Chennault at Chungking . . . and other major cities begged him to include them in his tour. On his first day in the Chinese capital he received the highest



... then, you could bail out over Chicago and catch the south bound for New Orleans'

military honor, order of the Blue Sky and Bright Sun, which no foreigner had ever before received . . . and also got, from Lieutenant General A. G. Wedemeyer the second cluster of the Distinguished Service Medal of the United States. The Generalissimo begged him to stay overnight for some "old comrades-in-arms talk at breakfast" and . . . like Lindbergh in Paris . . . Chennault had to borrow a pair of his host's pajamas to accept.

Chungking citizens know what bombing can be like; until the air war was won they spent much of every sunny day huddled in caves while their homes exploded. When "The man who stopped the bombing" left their town, 163 civic organizations joined to give him an open-air arena send-off. The pre-arranged parade included banners across every street reading, in Chinese and English, "Chennault, the Lafayette of China." Fire-crackers had been planned, and a respectable display of Chinese and American flags.

But the Chungking crowds broke through the careful police preparations and overwhelmed them: there were five times as many spectators as anyone had planned, ten times as many fire-crackers, so that the city streets were dense with smoke.

There were farewell visits in Chungking with Madame Sun Yat Sen, friend of the Communists, and with generals who have fought them, with T. V. Soong, who had helped Chennault in the Flying Tiger days, and with General Hsueh Yueh, a comrade in arms in '43, who had sent him gifts of appreciation before. One of the finest touches in General Chennault's files is a note he wrote to Hsueh saying, "I thank you most warmly for your gift of hand grenades and mushrooms." This old friend now presented him with a report on military strategy addressed to a Sung Emperor by China's greatest general and calligrapher; accompanying it was a modern scroll saying, "To whom could this more appropriately be presented than to General Chennault, China's modern god of war?"

In Sian the people's enthusiasm reached fever pitch: this city was once bombed by the clock. The citizens who gathered to cheer the General remembered the time when each of them had left the town . . . by ox-cart or on foot, carrying his valuables . . . to hide in safety until the daily bombing was past. Even more vivid were their memories of the days, last spring. when Japanese ground troops threatened to take the city, and when every available ounce of Fourteenth Air Force gasoline was squeezed out to save it. In Sian the Bell Tower was surrounded by the usual screaming crowds. Not only the General but each member of his party received a valuable object of art. Here, too, a Confucian scholar, in blue gown and black brocaded jacket, said in five pithy Chinese syllables what all China was trying to express: "What greater glory can a man attain than to save whole provinces?"

What was it all about? How could the Chinese, drilled to an impassive reserve, clap and shout and weep over the departure of this man? The answer lay in General Chennault's unvarying answer to all the puzzled inquiries: "My job here has been done. The China theater no longer needs me."

And this, oddly enough, was true. One of the most enigmatic modern military men, the rugged, deafened General with the hard lines in his face had done his job. He had proved two things he dearly believed, accomplished two missions without which China could not have been saved. The things he proved were these: that fighter planes are the key to air defense, no matter how fast bombers can be made to fly . . . that Chinese can work with Americans and fight, when trained, as well as any soldiers in the world. Eight years ago both statements were considered ludicrous by soldiers; today they are truisms in every military academy of the world. On this man's stubborn faith in both theses, at one time, the whole fate of Asia seemed to depend . . . and because he held to his hunches, and they were right, China was able to hold on, without supplies, until V-E released another type of military man, who knew how to fight with ampler fleets of planes in a more orthodox type of war.

But in 1937, the odds looked long against Clare Chennault. At 47, after 19 years in the U. S. Army he was only a captain . . . and the author of a book on strategy which had received, from the War Department, much the same treatment being meted out to Capitaine Charles de Gaulle by his High Command in France. Chennault's "Defensive Role of Pursuit Planes" was not taken seriously at Langley Field . . . why, the captain had not even been in aerial combat, and everyone in authority, in the '30's, knew that pursuit planes had been made obsolete by fast bombers, (They ceased to know it when the Battle of Britain and, later, the Battle of Germany proved Chennault's thesis correct.) Captain Chennault had, indeed, performed brilliantly in Army-Navy war games, where he used paratroopers to capture an airfield and where he introduced the first air warning net in history. But the U.S. seemed to have suffered no great loss when he resigned from active Army service to come to China, at Chiang Kai-Shek's invitation, to make a leisurely survey of Chinese projected airfields.

Those airfields, however, were not to be built for several years. A few months after Chennault's arrival, the Japanese struck near Peiping, and the war was on. China, at the time, had just 90 first-line fighting planes, and 110 reserves . . . but she had Chennault, with his pursuit plane theory, and she had the air war-warning net, by means of which coolies all over China recorded the sound of any approaching plane. With these few miserable weapons, the Chinese were able to stop the daylight

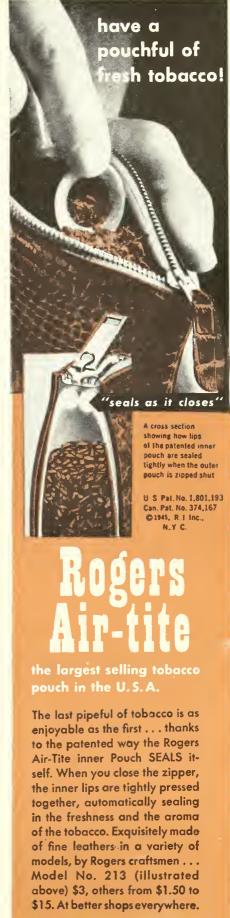


bombings of Nanking within ten days; after two weeks, they had actually destroyed the Japanese bombers in that area. (Later, at Shanghai, the Japanese themselves copied the pursuit plane tactics and used fighters to destroy the Chinese air force. From then on, daily bombings of China's cities became a routine horror.)

China held, grimly, and Chennault held with her during the dark days. But by 1940, the world situation had changed so that he thought his own country might be willing to help: Chennault returned to Washington and secured White House permission to sign up volunteer pilots from the U.S. Army Reserves who might wish to fly for China. These were the original Flying Tigers . . . a few hundred men with a hundred P-40's, which China obtained, under Lend Lease, after the Swedish government had rejected them.

The American Volunteer Group was a shoestring squadron: the fliers substituted imagination for supplies, and learned to understand Japanese tactics so well that they outfought the enemy twelve to one. They also, for the first time, used fighters to destroy enemy lines of ground communication . . . a method of warfare later used in the European war. In '42 the Flying Tigers were absorbed into the U.S. Army and Chennault became their colonel. A year later, the Fourteenth was activated and Chennault, now a major general in the U. S. Army, was given command of all the air forces in China.

But he was still at the end of the longest supply line in the history of the world: every gallon of gas set down inside Chinese borders represented \$25 in delivery costs. Only a small percent of the material shipped to India was ear-marked for the Chinese theater . . . of that, all but 40 percent was used in flying the supplies over the Hump . . . of that last trickle, half must still be consumed moving the rest to the fighting fields within the country. It was a period of starvation warfare; in the summer of '44 three-quarters of all the bombers in China were grounded for lack of gas, and the fighter program had been cut. However,



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The Hard-of-Hearing Soldier

DESHON CENERAL HOSPITAL in Butler, Pennsylvania, is one of the three Army hospitals which devote a large part of their facilities to the reliabilitation of soldiers who have been deafened in battle or whose incipient hearing disabilities have grown worse in the service.

Once a soldier registers as a hardof-hearing patient at Deshon, he has little time to feel sorry for himself. The program is too strenuous.

Even as he is being processed, doctors and technicians measure the type and degree of his hearing loss. These measurements, coupled with a chart of his ability to understand the spoken voice, become an indication of which hearing aid fittings are most suitable for him. From the Hearing Aid Library, which contains all the models of approved commercial instruments, he borrows each recommended aid and goes to a series of Listening Hours. Here he screens out the three which give him the best reception of records.

To screen out the best of these three, he attends an Orientation Class. Now he learns to discriminate speech against a background of patterns similar to those which he will encounter in everyday life-restaurant noise, traffic noise and the like. He also learns how to take care of

his aid.

While this fitting is going on, the soldier pursues 60 to 70 hours of closely supervised lip reading instruction. Here, there is no short cut to proficiency; learning to read lips requires long and regular practice.

Since no two people speak alike, each pupil has as many as ten teach. ers in the course of his lessons, and each teacher gives him not only a course in lip reading, but a personal course in rehabilitation. Somehow she knows the right answers, special kinds of answers, and not a stock brand that's palmed off to every Joe with a gripe. She's a mother confessor, a shot in the arm, and a

About a third of the soldiers have speech defects too, related to their deafness. In such cases the patient must be convinced that such defect docs exist by hearing records of his voice, for many of them do not realize this disability. Then, step by careful step, the patient eliminates the evident errors and makes habitual an

entire new voice pattern.

It is not only because of its unique program that Deshon is known across the country as one of the leading aural centers in the world. It is more than that; it is an institution built on an attitude of soldiers and civilians who have been brought together in the grim determination that deafness is something to beat, not to hide. By Morton N. Fine.

Chinese ground forces were in even worse condition . . . they had no artillery, no transport and many of them were too weak from hunger to march. It was then that Japan launched her offensive and rapidly won many of our best airfields. But the Fourteenth made them pay: it cost the enemy 50,000 men to take Hengyang, Kweilin, which the Japanese expected to take in July, was held until November. Neither Chungking nor Kunming fell, as allied pessimists had thought they would. "U. S. air power in the summer of '44," according to one high Chinese official. "saved China from almost sure defeat."

And then the war in Europe ended and the supply problem for the Pacific somewhat eased. Admiral Chester Nimitz and General Douglas MacArthur were now pounding Japanese forces from the other side.

China could read of heartening victories, not too far away. Supplies . . . still inadequate . . . began to come in over the Hump and over the Stilwell Road, until more than many times the original load of gas per month was entering the country. A policy of closer cooperation with the Chinese ground forces . . . became more evident in American military circles. The program outlined, years earlier, by the rugged old soldier began to take reality, and to succeed.

And so, perhaps, Chennault's pioneer job was really done. When he said, "China no longer needs me," he spoke at least a partial truth: and pioneers must always yield to settlers, whenever the history of any country is being made.

General Chennault had seen the picture clearly in advance. A few months before his departure he was asked, by the Chinese newspaper Sao Tang Pao, to write his views on post-war plans. General Chennault refused: "It is not my intention," he wrote the editors, "to disagree with those who give serious and detailed present consideration to the post-war problems of peacetime. But that is not the business of the soldier. . . . We should not be diverted by post-war planning from the war still to be won. Chinese teachers and philosophers of the ancient dynasties said. 'Let us pay our debts before we undertake to enjoy the New Year.' We still owe great debts to posterity, as well as to the men and women of generations past. We must pay them through military victory. Could we have conferred upon us a more shining obligation than this?"

But in July the debts had almost all been paid. Clare Chennault, the man of action, could depart.

He did not leave in one of the large C-54's which bear the touring Americans to China nowadays. On August 8th his Flying Tiger pilot, Lt. Col. "Tex" Carleton. warmed up the engines of the old C-47 that had flown missions to every field in China.

Into the plane stepped the General's friend, Captain Joe Alsop, and his black dachshund Joe. Chinese officials had loaded the plane with flowers. Chinese crowds stood about the airfield, letting off strings of firecrackers, drowning out their crackle with cheers. Over the field eight P-51's, flying in formations, gave their salute. A GI orchestra struck up the Army Air Force song.

The motors started. The big plane wheeled onto the runway, in the drizzling rain. General Chennault took off for home.

At the other end of the field, in the ATC passenger terminal, a voice through the loudspeaker announced the departure of the Nocturne on schedule for Calcutta. Men in civilian clothes gathered their briefcases and stepped into jeeps and muddy trucks and into the new sedans. The debts had at last been paid. The New Year could now begin.



"We put out the fire—but your house washed away!"



Why we use imported botanicals exclusively in making our gin



Albert Hall (right), New York architect, gets a "Welcome home"drink from his neighbor, Henry Getty. Mr. Hall, who served with Army Intelligence, also gets three Martini tips: (1) make it dry; (2) make it ice cold; (3) and always make it with Hiram Walker's Gin.

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Clear Heads Choose Calvert



CLASSIC STUFF

(Continued from page 13)

to her. Well, I worked it okay and later, when we danced together, I knew at last I had the answer." He smiled at her again and she looked at the floor. For a moment, they'd forgotten me.

"Yeah?" I say, to prime the engine.

"Oh. Well, before the war I always wanted to be a dance team that is you know. So here was my future partner when I got out of the Army, if I could persuade her."

"Apparently you did," I comment.

The girl spoke up. "He's a good salesman."

"Yeah, so I see. Well, let's go outside and suppose you try and sell me.'

We did, and they did.

They weren't really good. But they had youth and grace and good looks, which was a novelty in my joint. So I took 'em on and beat hell out of the band so they'd play like the kids wanted.

Of course, they were never what you'd call a smash hit; it wasn't a case of S. R. O. My kind of clientele is like me about the classics. But word got around and so more and more people dropped in about show time.

In fact, one night I spot a B'Way talent scout making some notes on the kids. Next morning, quick like a fox, I whip out a contract for six months and, while they're still dumb, we all sign it. Everybody's very pleased and I even order champagne from the bar; mostly because I like it myself. I guess it's Audrey's first and I get a kick watching her make cute faces over

The two of them, of course, were pretty happy. They were doing what they loved and it was like opium . . . gave them beautiful dreams. Once I overheard Eric talking about the Rainbow Room or maybe even Hollywood. Yeah, they were definitely on the way up.

But one night something happens. A stupid drunk at a ringside table gets his big feet in the way and trips Audrey. Eric grabs for her but misses and down she goes for a nasty fall. The clowns in the band stop cold and for a second there's a frozen silence in the dive. Then both the M. C. and I are practically colliding, him trying to get the show going again and me grabbing the drunk by the collar.

They told me later I socked the jerk as I tossed him in the gutter. Maybe, I was so mad; although mostly I don't hit drunks on account it makes 'em feel inferior. Anyhow, when I get backstage, there was Audrey with a badly twisted ankle. Eric and a couple of others were hanging around being utterly useless.

Finally we get a doctor routed out of bed and he does a patch-up job. "Take it easy, young lady," he tells her. "It may be a week before you can even walk."

She looks scared. "But doctor, the act!" "You heard what the doctor said!" I

cut in. "Take it easy." Then, for some fool reason, I suddenly go soft. Maybe it was the frightened look in her eyes, like a little girl. Maybe I got a father complex. Anyway, I hear myself saying, "You got nothing to worry about, kid. If you'd read your contract, you'd see the salary goes on just the same." Which was a bare-faced lie.

Eric steps forward, "Oh but look, sir," (I couldn't seem to break him of that!), "we can't accept charity."

I whirl on him. "Don't be a stuffed shirt!" I practically yell. "It happened in my place, didn't it? And anyhow, there are plenty of jobs around if you really want to work while she gets well!"

"Okay," he said, kind of quiet. "Okay," and he knelt down beside Audrey.

Well, the kid hobbles around on crutches in her little room for over a week. Eric sees her every evening when he's not working at the Automat and I, like a dope, find myself going around every afternoon when I'm not working. Day by day I'm getting to like the girl better and I bring little things; books and cigarettes which I can get through connections and even flowers. And day by day she is liking me better, too. As I said before, don't ask me how I knew; I just did. That comes from getting around like I have all my

She told me a lot about herself and, of course, about her folks. Just like I guessed, there was hay in her hair. She came from medium well-off people on a farm near Lancaster, Pa.

"Dad has a dairy and sells to townspeople. He's done all right, I guess. I remember when I was a little girl I always rode into town with him on Saturday morning. We'd go to the Lancaster First National where he'd give me a shiny new dollar and make me put it in my own sav-



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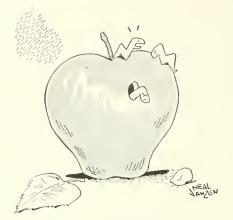


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"He doesn't like apples!"

ings account. For when I'd go to college."
"And did you ever go to college?"

"One year. Then it seemed silly, with all the mess in the world. So I worked something up from college dramatics and they took me on the U. S. O. That's how I met Eric."

"Yeah, I know," I said. Then I had to find out something. "You in love with the guy?" I asked.

She looked surprised. "Why no. What made you ask?"

I sidestepped that one and got back to her folks. She hobbled over to a dresser for a letter. "This just came. Maybe some of it would interest you."

She read about the cows and chickens and Dad's trip to the dentist and what Aunt Hester said about Audrey being in show business in that wicked city. And it wound up by saying they wanted a little vacation and were coming to New York just to see their daughter act. Be here in about ten days.

I was amazed. "Don't they know about your ankle?"

Audrey shook her head. So I rub my chin and say, "Geez, kid, you got to do time and a half to get well."

I got busy on the phone and dug up a specialist who came over to do some mumbo jumbo. Then we got a big blond nurse to look after the kid and massage the daylights out of her stiff ankle. Audrey was grateful as a pet pooch and on the afternoon we tossed away her crutches, she put her arms around me and kissed me hard. Then she kissed me soft.

"Look, kid," I said, giving her the brushoff, "we haven't time for sentiment. You got a hell of a lot of work ahead, see?"

In a few days Audrey is able to try some new routines Eric has dreamed up. She's coming along fine because he's so careful with her and treats her like a baby. Brings her water and makes her rest and does the hard parts alone. He's gone on her. But she doesn't seem to notice because she's in and out of my office all the time. Not that I don't like it, but I can see Eric aint happy about it.

At last, Mom and Pop arrive from Lan-

caster and of course I don't see much of the kid until that evening. Then she rushes in all breathless and beautiful and stops in the office.

"They're outside," she announces, "and I want you to meet them. You will, won't you?"

"Sure," I say, kind of hesitant because meeting homefolks is something I can live without.

They're just what you'd expect. Mom was chubby, a little embarrassed and a good soul. You could tell right off. The old man was pretty much the same. But they weren't yokels. When they loo'd at you they looked deep inside and you knew it was no good putting on the act about yourself.

We talked about nothing much and when I asked what they'll drink they look startled but finally settle for beers. Audrey waltzes off to dress for the act and her parents are there taking in the whole cheap, smelly joint. Somehow, for the first time, it makes me feel ashamed and I wish they'd stayed with the cows.

There really isn't much to say and while we're sitting there not saying it, I spot Nate The Writer hanging over the bar. Then I look around and see the B'Way talent scout again. Only this time he's with another guy I recognize is a producer. They take a ringside table and order my best Scotch. Still I don't like 'em.

While a few couples reel around the little dance floor, Mom leans over her untouched beer. "We want to thank you for giving Audrey this job," she tells me. "Ever since she was a little girl she was play-acting and dancing. Don't know how she came by it unless maybe it was from her Great Uncle Milton who was with a Medicine Show once. Anyhow, she's happy and that's what counts."

"Then you don't mind her starting in a dive like this?"

She studies me a moment. Then she answers something I'll never forget. "Where you start doesn't matter," she says. "What's important is where you end."

I'm chewing on that one when suddenly there's a flourish from the band, spots glare and there is the M. C. blatting away. The first show is on.

I glance at the old folks and watch 'em take all the smut and nakedness, and my face burns. But they're only waiting for one thing so it don't really matter.

Then here comes the pitch from the M. C. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present to you..." and so on. There's another fanfare and into the spot steps Eric and Audrey, Interpreters of Classic Ballroom Dancing. He is slim and good looking in his tails; she's a honey in a backless thing that floats about her like mist. They are smiling at one another and suddenly there's class to the joint and I ain't ashamed any more.

Mom and Pop practically fall off their chairs and I note the producer guy nodding slowly. I excuse myself and slide into my office where I don't have to look at

Dimly I hear the applause and soon there's a knock at my door. It's the producer and his stooge. He introduces himself and I know the name. It's got a bad rep especially with women.

"I'm getting up a Review," he tells me, "and I'm wondering about your dance team."

"You can stop wondering," I reply. "They're signed to an air-tight contract."

"Maybe we can talk business." He makes with the fingers like peeling off bills.

"Sorry," I say, "but I like the act." His fat lips smile. "At least half of it," he suggests. "Well, if you ever get tired of it. . . ." He flips a card on my blotter and, because I'm sore, he fades.

Just as he's leaving, Eric walks in. He stares a moment and then asks, "Wasn't that. . . .?"

"Sure. He just tried to buy your contract."

Eric's jaw goes slack. "You mean you're keeping us from something big?"

"You wouldn't like working for him. Anyhow Audrey wouldn't."

"Why not?"

So I tell him the facts of life; tell him of the guy's flops on B'Way and tell him about his passes at every dame in every show. "You wouldn't like working for him," I repeat.

But the young hothead aint convinced I'm doing a favor. He leans over my desk, glares at me and states, "That's all hogwash! I know the real reason."

"Yeah?"

"Yes. You're nuts about Audrey. And you've hexed her so she's the same about you!"

For a moment I'm enjoying this jealouslover stuff. I lean back, blow a smoke ring and smile. "What makes you think so, sonny boy?" (That's for the Sir business)

"I've just asked her to marry me. She



"He saw it done in a cartoon"



-

Now She Shops

Without Painful Backache Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble

once they discover that the real cause of their trouble naw be tired kidneys.

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turned me down. . . . because of you!"

I'm sitting up now. "Did she say that?"
"Well, no. But it's true and you know
it! Why don't you leave her alone? You're
old enough to be her father! She ought to
marry a young man, somebody near her
own age. . . ."

"Who the hell," I interrupt, "said anything about marrying the babe?"

Eric is wild-eyed and suddenly, before I can figure, he clips me out cold! When I come to, there's a blur that turns out to be Audrey. My head is in her lap and she's rubbing my temples with her cool fingers. Also she's telling-off Eric with words that aren't so cool. Then I open my eyes wide and discover it's Old Reunion Week in my office. There stands Mom and Pop, all stary-eyed, like they were seeing a gangster movie.

When I get up and rub my jaw I see all the fight is gone out of Eric. He's standing there blank and I don't have to sock him on account Audrey's speech has already done a good job of that. But everything's a mess and I can't face the old man's eyes.

"Can I talk to you a minute?" he asks. "Okay," I answer. "The rest of you scram outa here."

When they're gone, Pop says, "My friend, I don't know about things like this. Maybe I'm just an old fool to buttin. However, after tonight, I don't feel things could ever be all right here any more."

"Oh I don't know."

"Don't you?" He looks clean through me and when I don't answer, he continues. "Mother and I have had our lives and, all in all, they've been good lives. But Audrey is just getting started in hers and . . . well, if it turns out wrong, it'll break our hearts."

Somehow it don't sound like the sob act. Then I recall what Mom said about

it's how you end up that counts. "So what's on your mind?" I ask.

He's quiet a moment. Then he says. "I'd like to buy up that contract."

"Umm." I massage my sore jaw and gaze at the floor. Now, as I said, I'm not especially a right guy. I don't go in for Sunday School deeds on account, in my business, they just don't pay off. But I will say this for myself; I can still recognize the truth if and when it turns up. Also, I know when I'm licked. So I heave a sigh and nod. "Okay, Pop," I tell him. "You can buy it."

He pulls out a Lancaster First National check book and unscrews an old fashioned fountain pen. Then he fills in my name like I spell it. But his hand trembles a little when he gets to the line that says Amount. "How much?" he asks.

It's so quiet you can hear the desk clock. Then I answer, "The price is one buck."

His bushy eyebrows come up and he stares at me. For the first time, I think I see friendliness in his eyes. Then he fills in the amount.

"But there's a string to it," I state. "Oh?"

"Yeah. You play dumb about it to Audrey, see?"

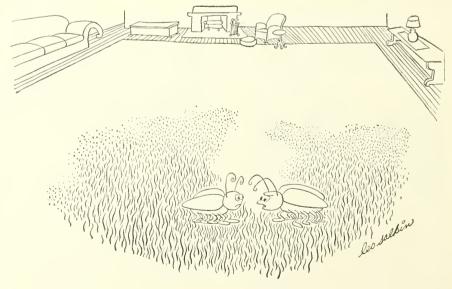
He nods and hands over the check. Then he goes out without looking back.

Well, as long as I'm putting on the act, I decide to do a pro job of it. So I step to the door and signal Nate The Writer. "I need a little help, Nate."

"Sure," he says lopsided. When I hand him the check he looks blank like he was in a police lineup.

"Can you put three zeros after the One so it looks real? And fix up the words?" He examines the check and when he grins I know the answer. "So hurry it up, will you?"

"Sure. Half hour okay?"



"I don't see what's so snug about being a bug in a rug!"

MARCH, 1946

61



"Never mind, Myrtle—I found the ice cubes"

When I go out for the last show the place is thinning out and the old folks have gone to their hotel. When the Classic dance is over, I knock at Audrey's dressing room.

She gives me that million dollar smile that always thumps hell out of my heart and she touches the lump on my jaw. I stand there with the inside trembles, I want her so bad. "Eric acted like a fool," she tells me.

"Maybe not," I answer casually and step away from her. "I've been doing some thinking. This is your last night." She stares at me so I pour it on. "I'm changing the show. No more dance acts. You're through; washed-up, see?"

She shakes her head like I'd smacked her. "You're sore about Eric, aren't you?" "If you want to believe that, okay."

She's puzzled. "No, that's not it. You're too square a person for that. What is it?"

I figured it might be something like this. So I play my trump. I haul out a thousand dollar check on the Lancaster First National. "You're working for your old man now. He liked your act so good he bought up your contract." Her eyes are wide and I add the final sock. "As Barnum said, there's one born every minute," I sneer.

Audrey looks at me with eyes like a wounded deer. "You are contemptible!" she exclaims. Then she slams out of my life for good. Believe me, I feel like what she says, too.

Well, that was last night and it all seems like a bad dream. Only it aint, on account now I have to go outside and take down the banner which says; Eric and Audrey, Interpreters of Classical Ballroom Dancing. They aren't on tonight.... or ever again at The White Tie. But so what? As I said before, classic stuff leaves me cold.

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UMT-A MUST

(Continued from page 9)

shocked to find other good citizens grimly bent on putting over a compulsory military training program. It stands to reason that the second group can't have complete faith in the ability of the first group to provide the permanent peace mentioned, because national compulsory military training is either proper preparation for a war (or wars) to come or it is largely a waste of time, money, material and manpower. If there were no further possibility of war, it would be more pleasant and profitable —and I would be the last to deny it to spend a like amount of time and money in training young fellows to be carpenters, plumbers, metal workers, water color painters or wine stewards. But does it look as though "permanent peace" were just around the corner? I'll work for permanent peace as enthusiastically as anybody but I'm fearful, giving due consideration to human nature and accumulated history, that the good work is bound to be interrupted from time to time by various wars.

A fiercer charge against compulsory military training is that such a program actually foments wars-and the chargers fervently offer Germany and Japan as shining examples. Shucks! France, Belgium, Russia and dozens of other countries had compulsory military service, too. It wasn't what the Germans and Japs had but what they did with it that was all wrong. Do the citizens of our big cities foment fires by maintaining a Fire Department and a training school for incipient firemen? Do the taxpayers foment burglary or murder when they support a Police Department and a training school for cops? Do you foment rain when you buy a pair of rubbers or keep an umbrella in the rack by the door? The Fire Department, the Police Department, the rubbers and the umbrella are ordinary defensive measures for our protection when needed. Compulsory military training is another defensive measure based on the same general principle. It's as simple as that when you get right down to it. Compulsory military training will provide an efficient protective force for our country just as our police and firemen provide an efficient protective force for our towns and rural districts. I think we can safely abolish the protective forces of our country-army, navy, air force and compulsory military training included—at the same time that we abolish, as no longer needed, the policemen and firemen who protect our towns, and rural areas, and not a day sooner! Until we can put one country, our own, into a state of idyllic peace and safety, how can we count on such perfection all over the globe?

One objection that should be tossed right out the window is the cold insistence in certain quarters that any discussion now The American Legion's program for Universal Military Training would require a year of service on the part of each youth. After four month's basic training the boy would have five optional ways of completing his year of training:

1. Advanced technical or basic scientific training in the Armed Forces' Industrial col-

lege.

2. Enlistment in the regular Army, Navy or Marine Corps.

3. Enlistment for an unspecified period in the organized reserve or national guard.

4. Enrollment in advanced ROTC, NROTC or air ROTC.

5. Remain in the armed forces for the rest of the year.

of compulsory military training is "untimely" because we are still suffering from "war hysteria" and it prevents us from giving calm consideration to such a longterm program. "Why the haste?" say these objectors, "Let's wait until we can reason it out quietly and sensibly. We're all excited now." In other words, a house owner who has just put out a big blaze in the parlor is advised not to discuss fire insurance at the moment because he may be too overheated to give such a topic cool consideration. Or the man who has been hit by a truck is not to look into the matter of accident insurance too hurriedly because his judgment might be warped by recent fractures. Tut, tut and a couple of poohs! It's my belief that those who say that discussion of military training is "untimely" are merely trying to draw a red herring across the trail.

There are objections to any program of national compulsory military training, and sensible objections, too. But those of us who are in favor of the program feel that the benefits outweigh the objections. One objection is that compulsory military training is costly in time and money. But a sufficient answer to that is the fact that one day of war costs more than a full year of training, and our lack of preparation for World War I and World War II cost us many extra days of war. We can forget the cost in money. We should not forget the cost in lives.

As for those critics who have been muttering "Untimely!", this is precisely the most opportune moment in our history to put a program of national compulsory military training into operation. We have left-over barracks and camp sites spread all over the country as a result of the swift decrease in the size of our armed

forces since Germany and Japan were defeated. We have uniforms, guns, ammunition and army and navy equipment of every kind in stock piles. We have competent instructors in men who have been to the wars and back. In short, we have everything ready and every reason for putting the program in operation. The details are not important. They can be worked out by all concerned. My pet suggestion is that an ROTC course should be compulsory for every physically qualified student in every college in the country so that if a young man learned nothing else at college, he at least would learn how to defend his country in time of war. But I'm not finicky about the rest of it.

Right here would be a good spot to flaunt the front end of a resolution adopted by the American Legion in convention assembled in Chicago this past November:

"Whereas, The American Legion is mandated to the belief that the only effective basis of a sound and continuing military and naval policy for a democratic form of government is the training of every ablebodied young man to defend his country, and has, since, its inception, advocated the adoption of a system of Universal Military Training in the United States of America."

I'm for that, doubled in spades! And I think the trainees will learn a lot more than how to march or shoot guns or turn out the guard or man the rail when gold braid comes aboard ship. I think most of our young fellows will like the program and benefit considerably by it, physically and mentally. They will learn discipline and teamwork. They will pick up technical and cultural advantages. The city youngster will learn something of outdoor life. The farm boy will learn how to handle himself in a crowd. The sons of the rich and the sons of the poor will be in there together learning what democracy is. In the long run this program should have a good effect on the habits and manners of our citizens. I firmly believe that compulsory military training will be a good thing for our young men no matter what happens—and a great thing for the country in case anything does happen.

Hubba Hubba!

THE U. S. Military Academy at West Point published in 1933 a manual entitled: "Official Courtesy and Customs of the Service." Paragraph 2 of the chapter on "Social Customs" reads as follows:

"Calling to women—One should never whistle or call to a woman or otherwise attempt to attract her attention from a distance greater than that appropriate for ordinary conversation."

In other words, judge your distance, brother, and the babe will take care of the rest! (P.S. This gem was prepared by the Department of Tactics. They oughta know!)—By Leon Harold



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WHAT BRITAIN READS

(Continued from page 11)

they depict is lacking in depth. It is sketchy, full of purple colors and barren of signifi-

London editors wrestle with a newsprint shortage so extreme that the great morning papers have only four pages. That isn't much white space to picture the world, and coverage of American affairs doesn't get much heed. It is an exceptional day when a story from the United States makes the top of page one; usually it is three or four inches long, and tucked inside.

British stories have the virtue of general political impartiality. There isn't a newspaper in London with an anti-American bias comparable to that of a number of American papers that take delight in twisting the Lion's tail. Editorially, the most common London line is, "We're both great countries, so let's stay friends." The trouble arises about how friends are supposed to act toward each other.

At present there are two main kinds of American news printed. First, there is the official news from Washington about top international developments—Secretary of State Byrnes to visit Moscow, President Truman speaks on the atomic bomb, and such. They are adequately covered to give the reader the main trend in "hard" news.

Then there is the frothy and sensational quirk stuff-the sort of thing from which Joad and his kind get their ideas of American life. It's fun to read, of course, and you have seen all the same stories in the American papers. But it doesn't show what makes the American wheels go around.

What is missing—and it is a disturbing lack—is interpretive articles about what Americans are thinking and why. Why do they act the way they do? How much does the Omaha milkman earn, and how many of those gorgeous things in the magazine ads can he afford? Why do many Americans want to keep the atom bomb secret from the Russians? Does the average American expect the United Nations to cure the world, or does he think it just an empty

That is the sort of thing you can't find out from reading British newspapers.

Recently I looked through six copies of popular London newspapers picked up at random for dates in late November. Altogether they had nine items from the United States on their front pages, all from Washington or New York about the atom bomb or other aspects of international relations. Some of them were one or two paragraphs, only one longer than 200 words.

Back on Page 3 of the Daily Herald, official Labor party paper, was a 175-word story from Detroit reporting the start of the General Motors strike, greatest news story of the day from the American standpoint. Had the tables been reversed, I'm sure it would have hit page one of every big American newspaper. The Herald's only other American items that day were one paragraph about progress of the Anglo-American loan negotiations, and an obituary of Robert Benchley.

Lack of interpretive material gave most Englishmen a false idea about the last American presidential election. They read skeletons of the most important foreign policy speeches of the late President Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey. They thought what a friend Roosevelt had been to Britain and took it for granted Americans would re-elect him. They got only the slightest indication that strong opposition existed to Roosevelt's domestic policies. The extent of his opposition at the polls surprised and puzzled many in England.

The thoughtful papers like that bulwark of conservative English life, The Times of London, the Manchester Guardian and The Observer try with success to give a deep insight into American ways. Unfortunately their limited circulation has little direct influence on the mass of people.

The Times has been worrying recently about American tendencies to revert to isolationism while participating in international forms. The fear penetrates into its film reviews. In a genteel panning of the recent film "Her Highness and the Bellboy," The Times remarked, "The determination to emphasize the divergences between American and European civilization are disquieting symptoms of a mental isolationism expressing itself in a new disguise."

Here is some information about the United States that readers of the Daily Express have gathered recently:

"Today's murder in murder-a-day New York: gang guns rubbed out Rocco Loscalzo, a petty crook who turned state's evidence against other bandits who took



"Yeh, my wife's in a separation center, all right—at Reno, Nevada!"

part in a big warehouse robbery back in August."

"The Christmas black market is booming, though America is a land of plenty compared with what it was three months ago . . . as for clothes, furniture, cars—this is the harvest of all time for the racketeers."

"Washington—50,000 WIVES SCARE U. S.—The British brides of American soldiers who put on a demonstration in London demanding transport to America."

Lord Beaverbrook's other London paper, The Evening Standard, reported: "Salt Lake City police report more in sorrow than in anger that their collection of toy pistols (maintained for the amusement of lost children in those trying hours before their mothers turn up) has been stolen."

Failure to receive a broad picture of American thinking has caused unnecessary friction and name-calling in London about the Anglo-American loan. British newspapers wrote about the British viewpoint—that Britain had a moral right to an interest-free loan of all the American money she wanted because she had spent billions of dollars on munitions in the United States before Pearl Harbor, and because she had stood alone against the Germans in 1940-41. Little was written about American feelings.

Few Englishmen comprehended that there was resentment in many places because Britain didn't pay dollar for dollar on her debts from the last war, that the United States faces a huge internal debt, nor that those Americans who were anti-British anyway couldn't understand why they should bolster a country which they visualized as trying to outsmart the American taxpayer.

So, when the loan agreement was announced there were public statements like that by Jennie Lee, a Labor member of parliament, who called the American terms "niggardly, barbaric and antediluvian." The weekly financial paper *The Economist*, a strong voice in conservative business circles, claimed that the United States was taking unfair advantage.

The Sunday Pictorial published a letter from an English girl in Oklahoma, bride of an American soldier, who wrote that they had their first tiff over the loan. She said she almost wished she had returned to England to have her baby because she didn't want him to grow up in the United States talking about "England having sold America a fast one."

Lord Keynes, one of the British negotiators, speaking in the House of Lords about the loan, put his finger squarely on the most grievous trouble existing today between the great Atlantic partners. He told the Lords that they failed to understand "the immeasurably remote" American public opinion.

"What a gulf separates us from Washington," he lamented. "And what a depth of misunderstanding governs relationships between even the friendliest and most likeminded nations!"



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BOOBY TRAPS

(Continued from page 19)

well as gun if you are murder-minded, and no law—not even the Sullivan Law of the City of New York—has ever prevented criminal possession or use of either type of weapon!)

But we should know our firearms!

Few people, apparently, realize the enormous forces let loose inside a gun's chamber by the firing of a cartridge. High-speed modern loads sometimes develop chamber pressures as high as 70,000 pounds per square inch.

American guns are made to withstand such pressures, with a very high margin of safety. So were the better European guns, before the war. American guns are made to extremely close tolerances, so that, in most cases, the parts of one gun are safely interchangeable with those of another. This was never true to the same extent, even before the war, with European guns. It is certainly not true of European guns of wartime manufacture.

Germany was a leader in fine firearm manufacture before World War I, and she had re-won that leadership before World War II. Throughout World War II, up to its very end, German weapons design was very good indeed. In certain instances, it excelled our own. But the stresses of a losing war worked havoc, toward the end of the conflict, with German weapons production. Quality suffered badly.

Japan never was a source of really firstrate guns, so it is only natural that her record in the field of gun manufacture during the war should be far worse than that of her partner. This is not to say that all Japanese war weapons were bad, by any means. Japan produced some excellent and highly efficient weapons, as the men who faced them will bear witness!

The result of this, coupled with the American passion for souvenirs, is that a great many dangerous weapons are filtering back into American hands; weapons that are dangerous not because they are firearms, but because they are bad firearms.

When American troops moved up into Germany, German arms plants provided practically unlimited opportunities for souvenir hunters. The Walther factory, for example, was full of bins filled with parts from which pistols could be assembled. And assembled they were, by scores—and by men who, in many cases, had little or no knowledge of how the job should be done.

All full-automatic weapons (that is, weapons that fire like machine guns, continuing to fire so long as the trigger is held back or until the magazine is empty) are dangerous if only in the sense that they'll land you in serious trouble with the law (federal as well as local) if you're caught with them! All such weapons must be fegistered with the Federal Bureau of In-

ternal Revenue. German Schmeissers (the 9 mm. submachine gun our GI's called "the burp gun") are apt to be the most common offenders in this strictly illegal branch of the souvenir gun business.

Handguns (pistols and revolvers) comprise possibly 80 percent of all souvenir weapons of World War II, and it would require a weighty tome indeed to cover them all completely. Most numerous among such souvenirs from the European theater will be the Walther P-38, the German service sidearm. Numerous, too, will be the Lugers, the Mausers, the Walther Model PP's and Model PPK's, the Berettas. Less common will be the Brownings, Ermas, Sauers, Schwarzloses, Steyrs, and Ortgies.

Given a good specimen of one of the good makes, what ammunition can you use in it? A full answer to that question, too, might fill a book; but here are a few tips: Pistols of the above makes that are stamped 6.35 mm. will handle .25 Colt Automatic Pistol cartridges. Such pistols stamped 7.65 mm. will take the .32 Colt Automatic Pistol cartridge. Such pistols stamped 9 mm. Browning, 9 mm. kurz, 9 mm. corto, or 9 mm. chort will take the .380 Colt Automatic Pistol cartridge. (If you have a gun stamped 9 mm. Browning Long, or 9 mm. Hi-Power, you won't be able to get American-made ammunition to fit it.) The Walther P-38, which probably outnumbers all other firearms items "among our souvenirs" uses 9 mm. Parabellum ammunition, of which the American equivalent is the 9 mm. Luger cartridge.

But if you have a Walther P-38, or any other 9 mm. pistol, beware of any German 9 mm. ammunition that is black. For that matter, have any imported military ammunition carefully checked by a capable authority before firing it in any souvenir gun. These black 9 mm. loads, and certain other 9 mm. cartridges not so easily identified, were made for submachine weapons and are definitely dangerous in handguns. Many other military cartridges hold hidden dangers to the unwary.

Jap handguns are, without exception, good souvenirs but bad shooters. Although the prewar Nambu was of good design, it was never made up to good American manufacturing standards. Most souvenir Jap pistols, called "Nambus." are not true Nambus but are, instead, Pattern 14's—modeled after the Nambu but inferior even to it in workmanship. Worst of all, and possibly the worst automatic pistol ever made, is the Jap Pattern 94.

If your souvenir is a Japanese Arisaka rifle, don't try to convert it. This rifle definitely does not have the quality, either of material or workmanship, needed to provide the margin of safety necessary for American sporting loads. It's a nice souvenir—period. Treat it as such.

Obviously, it is impossible in one short article to cover a subject of such infinite technical detail. This is merely a warning, to make you wary.

MARCH, 1946



"He says he's ticklish"

FIGHT ON HAND

(Continued from page 29)

in the outer garden were numbered. Now 35, Greenberg is headed back to first base. His legs can't match those of outfielders Barney McCoskey, Dick Wakefield, Pat Mullin and Hoot Evers, all returned from military duty and all with much fleeter underfooting.

Joe DiMaggio, after three years with the AAF, decided not to emulate Greenberg. True, he received a cordial invitation to don his old Yankee uniform immediately following his discharge last September, but he took one good look at some former servicemen on the diamond and turned thumbs down.

"Not for me," said Joe. "Not until I've done a lot of training. If I can't look better than those fellows out there, I'll remain on the sidelines."

DiMaggio didn't waste much time. Long before it was necessary to pack up and report for spring practice, he was hard at work. He repaired to an athletic club, well realizing he had a stiff job of conditioning to accomplish after an absence from the Yankee lineup since the 1942 World Series. Joe concentrated on equipment which would build up his weight and toughen his muscles. But he summed up the situation neatly when he said: "Unfortunately, there is no equipment in the world that can restore a man's timing. That's my problem, and it's a big one when you're 31 with no major league competition for three years."

On the brighter side, there is a new and capable crop on the way up. This is a crop spawned by war, a crop of kids who ordinarily would have spent their early baseball years in the minor leagues.

Many of these kids will come home and chase the aging athletes into the dugouts. For them, continuous and widespread athletic programs overseas performed the same function as a peacetime minor-league career in the States. They played organized division and theater baseball from Algiers

to Berlin, and throughout the South Pacific. Those with the armies of occupation are playing harder than ever now that the shooting has ceased.

With so much talent coming out of the armed forces, very few established baseball warriors can be sure of their jobs. This means accelerated competition all along the line, and as everybody knows competition is a shot in the arm to any athletic endeavor that has become slightly indisposed.

A prime example of what to expect this year and for some time to come can be found in Dave Ferriss.

Ferriss received his discharge from the AAF last year and opened the season with the Boston Red Sox. He was a "sleeper," or an unknown quantity. As events developed, he became the most renowned "sleeper" of 1945 when he pitched 21 winning games. The Red Sox probably wouldn't have used him had not the manpower situation been what it was. To their great glee, they found they had picked up a gold mine

There will be many more Ferrisses as the months unfold and the "sleepers" come home. Many new reputations will be established, and many old, familiar names will be pushed out of the headlines. On the management side, this eruption of youthful talent from overseas presents both beneficial and alarming angles.

When the clubs reported to their training camps in February—their earliest start in history and the first time they have been South since 1942—each squad was virtually double its normal strength. About half of the players were men back from service. A tremendous weeding out process was essential, and it is still going on. It is being complicated by new prospects returning almost daily from all points of the globe.

Thus far, even with last season's examples, it is impossible to predict what percentage of ex-servicemen will make the grade. World War I doesn't offer much assistance on that guessing game. It was shorter in duration, and didn't take such a huge slice out of the big league rosters.

Probably the focus of baseball attention throughout the United States, as far as returning veterans are concerned, will be Ted Williams.

Recently discharged by the U. S. Navy, Williams was baseball's greatest slugger for years. He had just about everything. Now he comes back to the Red Sox with little more than his reputation. He played some baseball in the Navy, and is still young enough to take up where he left off. If Williams flops in his comeback attempt, anything can happen.

It might be mentioned that Bob Feller also saw service in the Navy, but unlike Williams he played plenty of baseball. Curiously, when he returned to the Cleveland lineup last year, he didn't possess his old, blinding speed. But he had a better curve ball and more control, and did right well by himself.



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VAUDEVILLE DEAD?

(Continued from page 21)

found shelter in the strangest places. Night clubs and hotels account for most of the present boom. They have adopted vaudeville with the fervor of recent discovery. Time was when a floor show at a nitery, whether in New York or Sauk City, consisted of a gag-ridden m.c., a strip tease artist, a sultry girl singer and a chorus line. Today the line-up reads like a bill at the old

Hotel entertainment in former years used to go in for name bands and society-girl chanteuses, with maybe a ballroom dancer or two. Today they are going vaudeville. In the near future a variety artist may find himself touring the Ritz or Statler chain the way he used to make the Keith Circuit.

Take the Capitol Hotel in New York City, for example. It has opened a straight vaudeville show (The Carnival) that takes one back 20 years. Martha Raye, the movie comedienne, tops the bill, with Miriam La Velle, acrobatic dancer; the Christianis in a balancing and tumbling act; "Think-a-Drink" Hoffman; a high trapeze act and a roller skating number. Shades of Marcus Loew!

In Sioux Falls, S. D., auto dealers announce that their annual show will be highlighted by Carlos Molina's orchestra and seven acts of vaudeville. Bill Robinson's touring the country in one-night stands, only he calls it a concert tour. Ditto Victor Borge. Both are cleaning up.

Jack Pearl and Jay C. Flippen, former Palace headliners, are playing vaudeville in Los Angeles, with Raye and Naldi, Cliff Hall, the Peters Sisters, the Salici Puppets, etc., only they call it a revue. The same with Ken Murray, whose "Blackouts" have been playing to a packed house for more than three years. It's a vaudeville show, with girls.

Joe Cohen, vaudeville editor for Variety, says there is a shortage of talent. "A good act, and even a fair-to-middling act, is sure of 25 to 30 weeks on the road, independent of radio or movie jobs. Silent acts have a harder time, because they can't get radio engagements, but even they are doing well . .." He expects vaudeville to boom

even more if the Government wins its suits against the movie companies and chains. His theory is that movie houses, freed from the bondage of policy imposed from above. and forced into fierce competition with one another, will turn to stage shows for extraadded attractions.

This will not be the first time that movies, which killed vaudeville, have been forced to revive it. Once a lowly menial at the Palace, the movies created a revolution and deposed the old monarch. Movies had itself declared king. The drums rolled, the axe fell. Vaudeville was declared officially dead. But like John Barleycorn, vaudeville refused to stay buried. The public wouldn't pay the high prices of the downtown houses for just a movie. And so the "stage-show" came into being, which was vaudeville adorned but unalloyed.

The second time vaudeville was killed, the so-called "name bands" did the job. In response to the jitterbugging in the aisles and the gasps and sighs from the bobbysoxers in the front rows, the theatre managements were forced to substitute name bands and swoon artists for the comics, the tap dancers and acrobats. But old John Vaudeville rose from the grave again, Too many people still craved the old variety.

Today the name bands, the niteries, the hotels, the movie houses, to say nothing of business shows and conventions, all combine to keep vaudeville very much alive.

There are many more variety artists making a living from their specialties than when vaudeville was king of popular entertainment.

But old-timers will object that while vaudeville may have survived, it has certainly changed. They will cite the deadly sameness of many variety acts-belying the name. Name bands, niteries and hotels put too much emphasis on specialty singers, too little on the silent acts that gave real color to vaudeville—the tumblers, the jugglers, the trapeze artists, the trained animals, and the slapstick comics and clowns that linked variety with the circus. They will argue that the good comics get drawn off into movies and radio—and are ruined

They resent the fact that vaudeville has gone high hat, is no longer the poor man's favorite entertainment. You pay top thea-

"Do You See Much Of"

Anita is really tall. She became an Army nurse with another girl from her home town, whom we will call Mary. Once, when they were in France, they were living six to a tent. Hot water and bathing were two luxuries that had been denied them overlong. One day they managed to heat two cups of water, per nurse. in an ancient coffee percolator. Poured into a GI helmet and diluted with a little cold water, it was the entire bath water ration and they had to make the best of it.

Anita was bathing, vigorously trying to make a little water go a long way, when the mail was delivered. Mary's cot was next to where Anita was struggling with her minute portion of water. Mary had a letter from her mother, which she read

"By the way," her mother inquired, "do you ever see much of Anita Dowling?" —By Harry Botsford MARCH, 1946





"... and this is the late Mr. Peg, former owner of the 'Peg Pretzel Factory'!"

tre prices and fancy cover charges for shows that couldn't make Keith's in the good old days of vaudeville. Routines that used to perform against a simple backdrop plastered with advertisements now enjoy John Murray Anderson silk-and-satin staging.

Vaudeville had a real revival in USO-Camp Shows. In that outfit, the road was restored to its former importance; the road was everything.

The millions who were in the armed services made up quite an audience. Youngsters from small towns as well as large achieved a taste for live entertainment that they will not lose in a hurry. They may demand it when they get home, may force smaller movie houses to adopt stage shows to satisfy this demand. The returning veteran can swing the balance in favor of vaudeville or variety, as we used to know it.

But what does all this add up to for the one-time variety artist back from the wars; for the ex-veterans joining up with USO-Camp Shows and dreaming of ultimate Big Time back in the States, for the thousands of entertainers, good and bad, who went overseas for Camp Shows and Special Services?

How does it shape up for fellows like Kissinger, or the Three Stowaways or the Arnauts?

The answer is that it shapes up pretty well. From the viewpoint of the artist, business is booming and will continue to boom. Variety has survived all of the onslaughts of canned entertainment. Live entertainment is more and more in demand.

Vaudeville may be dead, but variety cannot die. It is too fundamental and too popular a form of entertainment. It is as old as the hills. It entertained the first caravans moving on to Mecca, and the Crusaders before Jerusalem, when jugglers, clowns and dancing girls gladdened the heart of Richard the Lion Hearted.

It's a case of: The King is dead; long live the King.



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OUT TO GET YOU

(Continued from page 16)

pitfalls. A Conference for Safeguarding Wartime Savings was called for much the same purpose in New York in January, and the Department of Justice has promised prompt action and tighter laws to protect the veteran from attempts at victimization.

In the long run, however, your own alertness and common sense will tell hardest against the slickers who are out to fleece you. If you look with skepticism on any transaction involving your money until you are satisfied that it is on the level, you won't go wrong.

Outstanding among the cruder hazards to the homecoming veteran is the too affable stranger in restaurant, bar, hotel, railroad station or bus terminal, with an offer of a drink, a job or a chance to get rich quick.

The majority of postwar rackets fall into four main categories: Cheap new merchandise; gold mines, inventions, oil fields and other schemes calling for large investments; jobs and business ventures requiring deposits or binders in advance, and schemes against prospective householders.

Of the hundreds of individual rackets, the majority will be directed at the guaranteed loans for business purposes offered veterans by the GI Bill of Rights. Once the enterprising crook has compiled his sucker list from newspaper rosters of homecoming servicemen, watch out!

He'll come to you with fruit farms and fox farms, gold mines and chicken ranches, worthless desert land and underwater fruit groves. He'll give you the inside track to partnerships in bankrupt firms, wherein your only assets will be a healthy share in the firm's liabilities. He'll offer you-and dozens of others in your vicinity-"exclusive sales rights" for your territory in return for few hundred down as evidence of your good faith, and make off with your money before you've unfolded your giltedged "franchise." Or he'll persuade you to make a deposit on merchandise-more than you possibly can sell—to be bought within a specified period. If you fail to make good on the balance due, deposit and merchandise go with the wind.

The Government has set up numerous safeguards to protect the sale of more than one hundred billion dollars worth of surplus war materials—exclusive of munitions—to the public, but the racketeer was never born who could not find some way of circumventing any law which stands in his way.

Veterans are entitled to certain priorities in the purchase of surplus war goods, but cases are numerous in which badly-needed vehicles, building materials and other essentials have been diverted from veteran-consumers to other hands. Equally abundant are cases in which veterans are being victimized by self-appointed "surplus brokers" who guarantee an inside track to scarce sur-

plus commodities, and either decamp with cash advances or palm off defective materials on the hapless buyer.

Veterans in the market for automobiles are particularly susceptible to victimization, if recently uncovered used-car rackets are any criterion. The complaint of Veteran Kenneth K. Flesch, of Forest Hills, N. Y., was instrumental a few months ago in obtaining OPA action against a swindle which had cost numbers of veterans in the New York area large sums of money.

Flesch, in the market for a car, found one to his liking at one of the largest used car agencies in the city. Its sale, however, was contingent on his signing a resale contract binding him to return the car to the dealer within 90 days, for approximately 20 percent less than he had paid for it. For every day he held the car in his possession beyond the designated period Flesch was to be penalized \$10, up to a maximum of \$1000.

Investigation revealed that the resale racket was widespread, and that unscrupulous dealers had sold individual automobiles as many as three and four times a year, netting a handsome double profit on each transaction. Flesch's complaint brought an OPA injunction against the dealer involved, and promises of further OPA action against used-car dealer abuses.

Automobile financing and small loans, with all sorts of hidden charges and catches concealed in the small print and confusing jargon of contracts and notes, may constitute another peril to the unwary veteran's peace of mind and pocketbook. Although such charges often are equivalent to usury, in many States they are completely within the law.

Veterans planning to build, buy or rent homes will find plenty of booby-traps lying in wait for them. Housing and apartment shortages have boosted real estate values to unprecedented levels, and have given birth to a host of new techniques for swindling you. Worthless or encumbered building lots, mortgage-burdened homes, "Own-Your-Own-Home Associations," offering memberships for \$100 and more apiece, and priorities of prefabricated houses and scarce household appliances are but a few of the ambushes set for you and your cash.

Desperate apartment hunters today often find that obtaining shelter is contingent on large-scale bribery of rental agents and owners, or on the purchase of apartmentsfull of worthless furniture at exorbitant prices. And even these drastic measures may not suffice to put a roof over your head. A rental agent or owner can renege on the deal, disclaim knowledge of the bribe which he has accepted, and leave you without recourse before the law. When you buy second-hand furniture with an eye to the apartment in which it is housed, you may be buying from a dealer who is using this ingenious method of disposing of unwanted stock, without the right or inclination to assign the apartment to you. Here, too, you



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MARCH, 1946

have no legal recourse. You bought furniture—and the dealer fulfils his obligation when he transfers the furniture to you.

The current stock market boom is another hazard to your hard-earned cash. According to the SEC, wildcat Canadian mining stocks are taking \$1,000,000 a week from gullible American investors, but you don't have to go that far afield to lose your money to racketeering stock peddlers. They are right around you, at this very moment.

Some will win your confidence with good initial tips for small stakes, and clean you out when, flushed by success, you shoot the works on subsequent tips which are not so good. "Sell and switch artists" will offer you sound securities, but actually sink your money into sure losers which mean quicker, easier profits in their pockets.

With the GI Bill of Rights offering veterans up to \$500 a year for educational expenses, and hundreds of thousands of veterans seizing the opportunity to round out their schooling or train for new occupations, fly-by-night schools are making ready for a killing with "streamlined courses" running from aerodynamics to zoology.

Any doubts you may have as to whether vou are dealing with a reputable school or a barroom academy can be laid at rest by a letter to the Veterans Administration, the United States Office of Education in Washington, or the state educational department which would have jurisdiction over the institution in question. Particular care should be taken with schools implying a connection with the Civil Service Commission, a guarantee of civil service jobs on completion of courses, or methods of beating civil service examinations. Federal, state and municipal civil service appointments are made on the basis of competitive examinations, and anyone making promises to the contrary can be classified as a liar without fear of contradiction. So far, no way has been found to circumvent civil service regulations without stepping hard on the toes of the law.

Disabled veterans should beware, in particular, of ghoulish racketeers offering impossibly miraculous cures for war injuries. Impatience or despair will drive many veterans, just as they did a generation ago, to these self-styled "doctors" and "healers."

Every one of these rackets is being practiced daily against you and your family and your friends. Many more lie dormant in the nimble minds of the racketeer. You have a big personal stake in the fight against racketeering, and your cooperation in fighting it is needed. If you're in doubt about propositions made to you, check with your Better Business Bureau, chamber of commerce, Veterans Administration, businessmen's committee or Legion Post. If you suspect that fraud is in the making, don't hesitate to report your suspicions to those who can investigate a dubious offer and take whatever action is necessary.

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... PARTING SHOTS...

What's in a Name?

LT. PULLMAN CARR was the Camp Transportation Officer at Camp Forrest, Tennessee. At Camp Haan, California, a private answered to the name John Doe and carried with him at all times an affidavit signed by six notaries to prove it. An MP outfit at the New York Port of Embarkation had a sergeant named Sargent and another GI who wore three stripes on his sleeve and was named Major.

-By Leon Harold

We Couldn't Lose

7 OU can have those high-sounding ideas Y OU can have mose magnifications of the many because we were "masters of the sea and air," or because our supply force "performed miracles." For my brass, we won because it never occurred to the American soldier that we might lose.

During the siege of Bastogne in the Battle of the Bulge, my battalion held a vitally important town just north of Bastogne. On Christmas Day. Jerry launched a fierce attack on our position which. with his superior numbers, pierced our line in the center. At the apex of his advance we fell back, but held firmly along the sides—a sort of a bulge within the Bulge, As Jerry pushed further into the center of town, I had just about decided that we could defend no longer; that we must pull out of our positions and reform for a counterattack. Then I met a private who was lying in back of a small mound popping away at every German who moved in the center of the town. Our brief conversation changed my decision.

"It looks," I said a bit gloomily, "like

they are in there."

He answered brightly, "Yessir, they got in there all right, but just wait and see. They'll have a hell of a time getting back out!"

We staved.—By Lt. Col. John D. Hanlon



"Er—have we been broadcasting any corny jokes about the air-corps?"



"You travelin' with th' Legion delegation, Mac?"

Robert E. Hurst, Memphis, setting out to prove that people today will donate money to any cause, collected \$11 in a few minutes for a "Widow of the Unknown Soldier's Fund."

Zansaku Azuma, who lived in Sacramento, California, and was honorably discharged from the American army, has become a candidate for election to the Japanese Diet.

A Gallup, New Mexico, school janitor, J. L. Cordova, inserted an ad in the paper stating that he had been unable to do anything for the war effort and so was offering his job to any veteran who needed it.

A discharged Army veteran, William Beam, pushed his crippled wife and family belongings in a wheelchair for 65 miles — from Terre Haute, Indiana, to Danville, Illinois-looking for a job.

A discharged WAC telephoned the Cambridge, Massachusetts, veterans' center to inquire whether the GI Bill of Rights covered hospitalization for maternity. "That depends," replied the clerk absent-mindedly. "Is this a service-incurred disability?"

Lt. Col. Howard M. Nelson, of Louisville, Kentucky, as part of his discharge procedure, had to listen to advice given by Maxwell Field's separation center's chief counselor, Lt. Howard E. Nelson. Lt. Nelson is the son of Lt. Col. Nelson.

The Canned Cat

ROMELLI, an Italian, went to work for the American Red Cross soon after the Allies moved into Rome. He was assigned to a food distribution unit, and marveled at the many things that Americans were sending across the ocean in cans.

One day Herbert Kenaston, of Youngstown, Ohio-the American Red Cross food supervisor-told Romelli to procure ten

cords of wood.

Half-jokingly Romelli asked: "Is it not possible for Americans to put up something in cans and then add a chemical to make wood?" Kenaston admitted it was entirely possible. Just then the phone rang. It was a warehouse requesting a cat to destroy rats and mice which were feasting on the food supplies. Without cracking a smile, Kenaston turned to one of his subordinates.

"Add to that requisition one black and

white canned cat," he said.

Romelli could hardly believe his ears. "Do you mean to tell me that America has canned cats?" he asked. "Why, sure," replied Kenaston. "They

can the cats back in the States, send along some chemical with them and we are able

to bring the cats back to life.

Skeptically, Romelli took the requisition blank and headed for the warehouse. In the meantime Kenaston found a black and white cat which he placed in a three-pound empty coffee can, then phoned to tip off the warehouse to the joke. The can was then hidden in a washroom.

When Romelli returned he was nervously clutching an unlabelled coffee can similar to the one which had been hidden in the washroom. He also carried a jar of paste.

"Now you will see. Romelli, how we do this," explained Kenaston. He went into the washroom, surreptitiously switched the cans and opened the can he had previously hidden, revealing a mass of black and white fur. With much formality. Herb Kenaston daubed paste on the fur. Suddenly he lifted a very-much-alive and spitting black and white cat from the can.

Romelli fainted dead away. When he regained consciousness he rushed out of the room. It was the last we saw of Romelli.-By Fred Mill Marsh



"Don't go near it, Miss Buell! You're liable to scare it!"





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